THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PIGOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

Unionism and Crime—How Dynamite Plots Were Arranged.

Startling Revelations.

[*From Davitt's Labor World.*]

A copy of the New York *World*, just to hand, contains a report of an interview between Mr. Hoare, the British consul in New York, and a representative of that paper, with reference to the revelations which appeared in our second number.

Mr. Hoare is very much exercised in defending the character of the late consul general in New York, Sir Edward M. Archibald, from what he calls the "allegations" contained in our previous issues. He, however, significantly shirks the direct issue raised by us, which was, that Sir Edward M. Archibald enlisted James McDermott in the secret service of the consulate of New York. That he gave him money, which was to be contributed to O'Donovan Rossa's dynamite fund, and that the then consul general sent James McDermott to Ireland in obedience to a request for his services from Dublin Castle. These are the statements we made in our second number, and Mr. Hoare very judiciously ignored them, by going into a eulogy of the virtues of his predecessor, and other matters which have no direct bearing upon the relations which we have established between the scoundrel M'Dermott and the amiable Sir Edward M. Archibald. We reiterate these charges, and we challenge Mr. Hoare to deny a single one of them. But what is more, we have to deal with Mr. Hoare himself. He compels us by rushing in with a defense of Sir Edward M. Archibald, to anticipate some of the charges which we are prepared to prove against himself. We assert that Mr. Hoare did in 1883 send James McDermott from New York to Montreal for the purpose of getting up a dynamite agitation in that city, and supplied him with money and means to carry out this purpose. We assert that Mr. Hoare communicated with Dublin Castle about the time that McDermott started upon this journey, and asked the home government to request the Canadian government to facilitate the performance of the work which McDermott was to carry out. We further declare, and we are glad to be able to do so, that the reply which the Canadian government sent to the request from Dublin Castle and Mr. Hoare, was such as would be expected from those responsible for the administration of the affairs of Canada. The reply was that the Canadian government considered its duty to be to prevent outrage, and not to encourage or abet it. We further charge against Mr. Hoare that while McDermott was in Montreal, endeavoring to ensnare Irishmen in that city into dynamite plots, such as he had planned in Cork, Liverpool, and London, he was supplied with funds by Mr. Hoare, and encouraged by him to keep up communication with O'Donovan Rossa, Patrick Joyce, and such men, in New York. And we further allege, and will prove by sworn testimony if required, that when James McDermott was exposed and denounced in Montreal, by a special cable dispatch sent by Mr. Michael Davitt from Dublin to the editor of the Montreal *Evening Post*, the said Mr. Hoare supplied James McDermott with money to travel back from Montreal, and then sent him from New York to Liverpool. We ask that official of the British foreign office to discuss these charges, now made plainly and definitely against himself, instead of shirking the issue by going into gratuitous praise of his predecessor in the British consulate. Sir Edward M. Archibald was innocence itself in the matter of employing ruffians of the McDermott type, and encouraging the formation of bogus dynamite plots, as compared with Mr. Hoare. We further charge the latter with having at the present moment in his employment Bob Pinkerton, of New York, and Willie Pinkerton of Chicago, together with the notorious McParland—[Mr. William Pinkerton has, in a recent letter to the press, emphatically denied that his firm had anything to do with the matter]—agents who, at a costly sum to the secret service fund, have manufactured any number of secret conspiracies against England in America. And we further charge Mr. Hoare with having, in 1883, employed one Matt O'Brien to enter the service of the postoffice in New York to tamper with the letters going through that postoffice. That, by Mr. Hoare's influence with a federal postoffice official named Newcombe, O'Brien had charge of the keys, and stamps, which enabled him to open what boxes he pleased in the building, and use the date stamps of the department for the purposes of the British secret service. We assert, and can prove, that O'Brien opened letters by the score. That he wrote letters to Irishmen in New York, which purported to come from Fenians and dynamiters in California, St. Louis, and Chicago, and stamped these bogus letters so as to make the recipients believe that they were communications which came through the postoffice from the cities we have named. The men to whom these letters were addressed were invited by the writer to come to the general postoffice and get other letters which were written by O'Brien, as if coming from Fenians and dynamitards from other cities, that would be represented by the stamps which he put upon the envelopes. This was done in order that O'Brien should see and know the men who were suspected by Mr. Hoare and himself of being enemies of England. We say that all this was done by Mr. Hoare's *direct and explicit instructions*, and we charge that this flagrant outrage upon the law of the State of New York, and of the federal authority of the United States, was performed on Mr. Hoare's instructions, and by the aid of money out of the secret service fund of England. We shall have something more to say about Mr. Hoare's late achievements in connection with the *Times* conspiracy against Mr. Parnell, when in due chronological order we come to deal with that part of our story. Meanwhile we have broken in upon the regular thread of our narrative in order to give Mr. Hoare something to answer for himself, instead of going into vague generalities about his predecessors.

In our last instalment of the history of the dynamite plots of Cork, Liverpool, and London we traced James McDermott step by step from his interview with Mr. Jenkinson at the Holyhead up to the conviction of Gallagher, Wilson, and Whitehead in London, in June, 1883. We showed how McDermott, at a meeting of half a dozen men in Cork, boasted that he had laid the plans and supplied the dynamite for the explosion at the local government board offices, in London, on March 16, 1883; how McDermott, at the same meeting, advocated the blowing up of the government stores in Cork harbor; how he got Fetherston to write two copies of a recipe for making nitro-glycerine. How Deasy was induced to take a parcel of explosive to Liverpool, purchased and prepared by McDermott, together with a note written by McDermott and signed in Fetherston's name to a man named Flanagan. We detailed how each of McDermott's victims—Fetherston, Deasy, Flanagan, Dalton, Carmody, and Morgan—was arrested on his informations, tried for their possession of or connection with dynamite and documents supplied by McDermott, and sentenced to penal servitude for the "conspiracy" which he had organized with money out of the Secret Service. We then followed McDermott to London. We traced him to the address of one O'Connor, to whom he had brought a letter of introduction from Fetherston, of Cork, and we proved him guilty of having adopted the same method for ensnaring victims in London as that which had proved so successful in Cork and Liverpool. We showed how he had met Lynch or Norman, and ex Pinkerton detective, and how Lynch took the dynamite to Wilson's room. How Lynch was subsequently arrested, with more dynamite in his possession, and with a telegram signed "Fletcher" on his person; how Gallagher's name of "Fletcher" was assumed by McDermott, in the manner in which he had signed Fetherston's name to the note that was found upon Deasy at Liverpool, which led to the capture and conviction of both Fetherston and Flanagan; and we concluded our second chapter of McDermott's career as a Dublin Castle spy, by relating the manner in which he had offered the home office facts which would lead to the arrest of a gang of American dynamiters, for £10 000. With or without response to his communication, he and Lynch, alias Norman, trapped Dalton, Gallagher, and Wilson, by means similar almost in every respect to the getting up of the Cork and Liverpool dynamite conspiracies, which resulted in the conviction of five more of his victims.

The writer of these papers knows full well the risk he runs in writing these facts. He is accusing the then head of the criminal investigation department in Ireland, and the British Consul in New York, with having employed men to whom money was given with which they organized dynamite plots in various cities, with a view to carrying out a policy as infamous in character and as villainous in design as ever disgraced the most despotic government of Europe.

We grant that conspiracies against legally constituted authority have to be matched, thwarted and broken up by a government, as a matter of course; irrespective of whether the conspiracies are politically or otherwise justified in their hostility to such governments. We concede all this and more. We do not pretend that there was no dynamite conspiracy on foot in America at the time McDermott joined the secret service of England. There were men in existence at that time ready and willing to jeopardize life and liberty in attempts to punish England for the wrongs inflicted upon Ireland, and the outrages that were being heaped upon Irishmen in the name of law, for merely exercising the right of combination and free speech. The facts cannot be ignored. The writer of these articles would be the last to attempt to disguise any of the ugly features of the Anglo-Irish struggle; no matter whether they belonged to the Irish or the English side of that prolonged contest. Such a course would merit contempt, as it would defeat its own purpose. Dynamiters existed in America in 1883. The *Times* predicted thirty years previously that England's policy of expatriating the Celtic race would eventually breed in the breasts of these exiled Irishmen the deadliest animosity to the government that cast them forth. And it went further, and said that in years to come bands of Irishmen would be found combined together for the purpose of retaliating for the wrongs that had been done to them and their fatherland in the name of English rule. Well, advocates of dynamite were found in the United States in 1883, and history will write some day an impartial story confirming the accuracy and the justice of the prediction made by the London *Times* in 1853. We admit even more than all this. We do not argue that Fetherston, Deasy, Flanagan, Dalton, Morgan, and other of McDermott's victims were found by him in a state of legal innocence in the matter of loyalty towards England's government in Ireland. The attempt to uphold such a supposition would be as absurd as to try to prove the non existence of dynamitards in America. But we do assert, and we challenge investigation into what we say, that Fetherston, Deasy, Flanagan, Dalton, Morgan, and others, were found by McDermott as Fenians, and were made dynamitards by him for his own base purposes, and in pursuit of the infamous policy which Mr. Jenkinson in Ireland, and Sir Edward Archibald and Mr. Hoare in New York, were pursuing in an over zealous spirit, in order to quieten the nervous excitement of Sir William Harcourt.

We affirm, and we are prepared to prove, that the beginning and the end of the Cork, Liverpool, and London dynamite conspiracies of 1883 was James McDermott, and that the money expended by him in the purchase and manufacture of nitro glycerine was money given to him for that purpose out of the Secret Service Fund. And we further assert and declare that several men are now undergoing the horrible fate of penal servitude, not because of actual deeds done, or of a *bona fide* conspiracy entered into, but because an agent of Dublin Castle put dynamite and documents into their hands, which were accepted as proofs of their guilt by the judge and jury before whom these men were tried. And we demand, in the name of justice and fair play, that these men be released and restored to the liberty which, if these our charges are found to be true on investigation, these men have not even legally forfeited. They are guilty only in the sense that a starving person would be acting illegally who would take food placed before him by a person who would tempt him to do wrong in order that, by handing him over to the law, he would reap money and reward for so doing.

We said in our opening statement about these plots that we would bring home these Cork and Liverpool and London conspiracies to a paid agent of Dublin Castle. We think we have done so beyond dispute. We have given names and dates and facts that can be denied if we are not recording what is true. But we said more when we began these revelations. We promised to prove McDermott's authorship of those so called dynamite outrages over his own signature. We now produce a letter written by McDermott to O'Donovan Rossa, on the very eve of the fruition of his villanous plans in London, and we would ask our readers to study the *ruse* character of this accomplished scoundrel as depicted in this communication.

He sits down on the very eve of the arrest of the second batch of his victims, and, with comical audacity, writes the following letter to O'Donovan Rossa, in which he bewails the "failure" of the Cork conspiracy, and promises more success in London:

TUESDAY, April 3, 1882.—*Dear Rossa:* I avail myself of the opportunity of the bearer hereof, and whom this will introduce to you, of writing to you hastily and briefly upon the recent events.

Well, now to "bis": Of course you understand the catastrophe in Cork, and it is of that I would give you now the particulars as I understand them. In the first place I found all the material on hand was used up and distributed. The last (but one) two cans were sent to Liverpool, with what unfortunate result you have, of course, already learned through the cable. There were but two cans left, I should say, instead of one, but one of these two was a small one, and intended to be used at the magazine—Haulbolin—in Queenstown Harbor this week. It would, and may yet, blow Spike Island clean out of the water, for in one compartment alone there are 2,000 tons of powder. Indeed, I think Queenstown itself would get a bad shattering. Now stick a pin in this: notwithstanding the great mishap in Cork, this magazine will go shortly, for the man for that is not even suspected, and he'll do it yet. Both these cans are, of course, either secreted or possibly destroyed, because no one could tell where the peelers were going to search. F.'s intention was that on a given night there should have been a movement all along the lines in Ireland, Scotland, and England. With that view I went to London and saw O'C., but he was without a pound of stuff or a companion. He was daily expecting T. B'n. and somebody else you told him would meet him. Well, nobody came near him up to last Sunday night week. When I got back I found F. loath to let out all the stuff on hand in Cork until he had some assurance that he could send for more of the raw material. He was very anxious to send some stuff to Liverpool at once, but he had no money to send the man with. I then gave him £2, and I gave Deasy £1 when he was going away. After he went we concluded to write at once to Scotland for some materials, one portion of which would cost £3 and the other £3 10s. I gave F. the £5, and he procured a P. O. order and sent it along on the spot, and at the same time he filled the printed form out, both in ——'s name, mind you, for the £3 10s, but failed to forward it before he was arrested, and so that was found on him, with what else God and the d—n peelers and, probably, himself only knows. That very day —— got a £20 draft, and he was to have refunded me my advance of out of it; but when I went to seek him in the morning, presto! he was in jail, too, and I did not have a shilling to skip with, I concluded, was the proper caper under the circumstances. Whether they will arrest me here or not I can't say, and I suppose much depends, in that respect, upon Deasy, who, I think, will stand game to the gallows. It would be a terrible thing if he did not; but I have little or no apprehension on that score. Hence it is that I am mystified unspeakably about the Cork arrests. Some of them, it is true, are ludicrously absurd, notably that of James O'Connor, the seed man, on Saturday night last. Way, the man actually crosses himself when he hears of dynamite in any shape. Most of our best men in Cork have not even been searched, and are therefore above suspicion, and hence, in any event, I would recommend that one of the London men be sent to Cork immediately to take F.'s place, for, no matter how it goes, he cannot remain useful any longer there. Unless documents have been found of an incriminating character, all the Cork men, including F., will have to be released quickly—that is, of course, assuming, as we are justified in doing, that Deasy will keep "mum." Cork must not be abandoned even temporarily. It is the best manufacturing town in the three kingdoms.

I presume you saw the cablegram I sent in my own name at F.'s request. That was the day before the £20 draft came, and which but for the Liverpool affair would have been but a flea bite alongside what was actually required. I, however, intended to stand in the breach, and take my chances of having it refunded.

Now, I don't think any money should come here direct from America. There should be a depot in either France, Belgium or Switzerland. France is almost too closely watched to be wholly safe. I fear F. has got the copy I made in my own handwriting of Pat Joyce's cure for the gout; but then my name is not on it.

I am at present afraid, not on my own account, to stir much or to see anybody, because the detectives are watching me very closely.

I have written to the American Minister at London about F.'s case, and expect a reply from him to morrow. I hope something will be done soon in London, and if nobody else starts the ball there within a week or so I'll give it a kick myself—providing, of course, I'm out of the jug myself.

The effect of the capture in Liverpool is almost as great throughout England, and even here, as if there had been several terrible explosions and loss of property. Indeed, there is nothing else thought or spoken of, and Cork is pointed to as having for many months had the appearance of more than extraordinary tranquility prior to Thursday last.

I think this covers nearly all the ground you want to review. There is a large, costly, and effective stock on hand in Kerry and elsewhere, and you will hear, I have no doubt, a good report from there soon.

The Liverpool and Cork business was undoubtedly a severe blow to us, but it is only temporary, and may be the means, expensively it is true—of averting even a greater calamity in the future. There must have been a screw loose somewhere in Cork, or else Deasy must have unintentionally overdone or oversaid the thing in Liverpool. It was unfortunate his saying that a man named Murphy had sent him from Cork, because F. was known to several as Murphy. This may be the missing link, but a few days will perhaps tell. Meanwhile I'll close, and wish yourself and all the boys all kinds of good luck and good cheer. Thine ever,

JAMES MCDERMOTT,

Right here, after this letter, we deem it proper to say a few words about O'Donovan Rossa. His history and career are well enough known to the public already. There is no need to recapitulate how he was tried and convicted in 1865, for his connection with the Fenian organization, or to detail the facts of his subsequent imprisonment, as they have been widely made known through his own writings and the evidence given by him before a Special Commission which was appointed in 1889 to inquire into the treatment of the (then) treason felony prisoners. Rossa underwent inhuman treatment at the hands of his jailers, and it is believed by those who know him most intimately that his prison experiences have unsettled his brain. Rossa as a conspirator suggests a comparison of an agricultural laborer, who would never have seen the mechanism of a timepiece, undertaking to repair the movement of a lady's Geneva watch. His office at Chambers street, New York, has for years answered the purpose of a man trap for the British Consul in America. We do not for one moment say or insinuate that Rossa has ever been in the pay of the British government. That would be as absurd as it would be unjust to him; but we do assert that his vaporings about dynamite, his braggadocio, and his insane love of notoriety, have made his office a kind of net, into which many misguided men have found their way, through the instrumentality of the "Jim McDermott's," into a life of penal servitude. Anything more grotesque, or more calculated to bring political conspiracy into thorough contempt, than Rossa's pretending to be at "war" with the British Empire, while he was actually accepting contributions or his "resources of civilization," unknowingly, from paid agents of the very government he was threatening to destroy, could not well be imagined. No matter what might occur in England, in the way of explosions, Rossa was ready to assert, on the moment the cable brought the news to New York, that his agents had been at work. It happened on one occasion, some ten years ago, that her majesty, in coming down a staircase at Windsor Castle, slipped and hurt the royal foot. The news was cabled to New York, whereupon Rossa interviewed himself, as usual, and declared that one of his agents had been in the castle the day before and *had soaped the stairs*. On another occasion a portion of land near to salt works in Cheshire gave way, causing the collapse of several houses. Rossa was ready the following morning to assure the public of the United States that this was all the work of some of his men in England. Anything from the blowing down of a chimney by a hurricane, to the shaking of a part of England by an earthquake, would be claimed by Rossa as the result of the "work" which he was carrying on in his warfare against the British Empire, and notwithstanding the fact that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand of the Irish race in America looked upon Rossa as being little or nothing better than a raving lunatic, a few men were always to be found to believe in his capacity for leadership and in his power "to strike a deadly blow" at England.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE furniture house of Ulick Bourke, of No. 302 West Madison street, deserves the patronage not only of the Irish people of Chicago, but of the public in general. Mr. Bourke conducts his establishment on purely business principles, and those not knowing the value of articles need not fear that any advantage will be taken of them. Household articles of every kind can be had at Mr. Bourke's cheaper than at any other house in the city, and the goods he keeps are always of the best quality, and of his own manufacture. Goods are sold on time payments at cash prices.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Diseases common to the race compel the search for a common remedy. It is found in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the reputation of which is world wide, having largely superseded every other blood medicine in use.

ARRAN IN SIGHT.

After a Long and Interesting Voyage, Miss Banim Finally Sees the Arran Islands Rising Proudly From the Deep.

The Cliffs of Moher, and their Magnificent Appearance—Other Interesting Matter.

THE ARRAN ISLES.

A faint shadow far out on the sky line, and rising sheer out of the sea, was all that was as yet to be seen of Arran, but everyone was eager for the first glimpse of a place which numbers born within thirty miles of it had never seen in their lives, and would probably only visit this once. As yet there was but the dim outline to be seen, and we returned to gaze in untiring admiration at the beautiful shores and heights of Connemara, which looked more like a lovely enchanted land than reality; at the bay, leaping and sparkling all over with tiny sun-lit waves; and, as we progressed along, the dark and stupendous walls of the Cliffs of Moher rose up on the Clare side, like giant ramparts guarding the entrance to the land.

By this time I had somehow got near countryman Number Three, who commenced conversation himself by drawing my attention to the cliffs, on the highest point of which stands Corney O'Brien's castle. Corney was not the hero of a hundred battles—a great sea rover—or a great anything. He was what in Ireland is known as a "small attorney," and he, like many of his class, became a rich man by sharp practices of many kinds—by money lending, and by all the twistings and doublings known to the unscrupulous of his profession—and, having grown rich, and acquired, by hook or by crook, a large property in the county Clare, he built himself a castle on the topmost point of the Cliffs of Moher; a site wild and prominent enough for a Viking; an awful height it must be to look down from, for there is no slope, no shelf, no spot of refuge in all the giddy descent, but a straight fall down from the ledge into the breakers of the Atlantic below.

IT WAS A CURIOUS PLACE

for such a man to select for a home; yet Corney died in his bed some forty years ago; his wealth is scattered and gone, another name owns the country around, and Corney O'Brien owns but a fine mausoleum he took care to provide for himself before he left his castle overlooking the Atlantic. Round beyond the Cliffs of Moher, a bay so dangerous that, while the largest fleet in the world might ride with safety in the neighboring harbor of Galway, no ship could come into Malbay in a land wind without danger of being dashed to pieces. Here was wrecked part of the Spanish Armada, and many and heartrending are the stories of the sad and cruel fate of the Spaniards, ruthlessly murdered in cold blood by order of the English governor, to whom the Irish—their hearts wrung in pity for the hapless strangers—in vain appealed for mercy; many of them even lost their lives and found their property confiscated because they sheltered the miserable Spaniards.

All along this western coast of Clare the cliffs and caverns are wonderful in variety and of immense height. As he looked along the coast, my country friend No. 3 described for me many of the bays and inlets, and gave a graphic account of the curious means of livelihood followed until a few years ago by the men and boys of the neighborhood of Kilkee.

Wearing a wide belt and holding on to a rope fastened round his waist, the man was lowered by his comrades over the edge of the cliff; the suction of the rocks attracted him towards them, while with his hands and feet he kept himself from being dashed against them. From the holes in the rocks

HE DREW OUT THE SEA-FOWL

which build there in vast numbers, wrung the neck of each bird as he took it, drew the neck through his belt, and when the birds hung in a complete circle around him, and he could carry no more, he was drawn up again to land. The birds were valuable for their feathers and for the oil obtained from them for medicinal purposes. These birds were flying about us in great numbers, while others, called killipees, were swimming around. But now Arran, coming right in front of us and about five miles off, began to attract all eyes. My first old man, passing by, politely hoped I was enjoying the day, whereupon Number 3 informed me "that was a rich old farmer, up from Ballinasloe, to look out for a wife from this country to mind his business." I often afterwards saw him about Galway, and I wondered if he had found her.

While the Arran Isles are yet a few miles off will be a good time to glance at the history of these most interesting, yet, to people in general, almost unknown islands, situated right at the mouth of Galway Bay, and with no land between their wave beaten shores and America.

The three principal of this group of islands are—Aranmor, or the great island; Inismain, the middle island; and Inishere, the eastern island. There are also the small isles called Straw Island, the Branch Isles, Illane Iarhach, or the Western Isle. These are the remains of the immense granite barrier which was said to have once separated the ocean from the great lake, Lough Lurgan, now Galway Bay. The chronicles and the legends handed down from generation to generation, as well as the wonderful remains of ancient pagan and other monuments and forts, show that these islands were inhabited in very remote times. It is related that on the invasion of Ireland by the Tuatha de Danaans, the Firbolgs, who were conquered at the battle of Southern Moytura, were allowed, by arrangement with the victors, to settle in Connacht and in Arran, where they dwelt for centuries. In the year A. D. 250 the islands were ruled over by the

TRIBE OF EOGAN MORE,

King of Thomond. Early in the fifth century, St. Ibar, founder of the great monastic school of Beg Eric, and contemporary of St. Patrick, is said to have spent some time in Arran. Later on in the same century the large island was given by Ængus, King of Cashel, to St. Enda, who thereon built several monasteries and churches, and the ruins of St. Enda's church are still to be seen above the village of Killeany, or Cill Enda. From this time the place became noted for the great piety and learning of the holy men who dwelt there, so that in time it was known as Araisn na Naoimh (pronounced Nave), or Aran of the Saints, by which name it is still called. So great was the renown of its inhabitants that the Isle of the Saints attracted to its shores nearly all the Irish saints whose names have come down to us as living at this period; among them were St. Kieran, St. Brendan, and St. Columbcille; and so great were the numbers of holy men and hermits interred there that it is said in the Life of St. Kieran—"They were known to Almighty God alone." By an agreement between the Kings of Connacht and Munster, whose countries were divided by Galway Bay, it was settled—A. D. 545—that the islands should be independent of both, acknowledge no superior, and pay no tribute to any but their native princes. The sept of MacTiege O'Brien retained the Lordship of Arran for many generations, up to the time of Elizabeth, and maintained friendly relations with the corporation and merchants of Galway, who paid the O'Briens an annual tribute in wine, in consideration of their protection and expenses in guarding the bay and harbor of Galway against pirates and coast plunderers.

The annals of Inisfail tell that in 1081 the great island was

RAVAGED BY THE DANES

In the twelfth century, Cambrensis wrote one of his romances apropos of Arran. He says: "Here human bodies are neither buried, nor do they putrefy, but, lying on the surface, and exposed to the open air, they remain uncorrupted; and men may thus behold and recognize their grandfathers and great grandfathers. Another thing remarkable is, that though all Ireland abounds with rats, this island is free from any, for should that reptile be brought thither, it either leapeth into the sea, or, being prevented, instantly dies." This is about as true as most of the fairy tales of Cambrensis.

In 1845 a Franciscan monastery was built on Aranmor, and at the same time an abbey of canons regular was founded. In the following century the O'Briens were expelled from the island by the O'Fisherties of Iar-Connacht. On behalf of the ancient owners, the O'Briens, the mayor and the sheriffs of Galway petitioned the queen, who caused a commission of inquiry to be held, which commission found that the islands were the property—not, as would be supposed, of their ancient princes—but her majesty, who graciously settled the dispute between the natives by bestowing, in 1587, the whole on one John Rawson, of Athlone, on condition of his maintaining constantly on the islands twenty foot soldiers of the English nation. After this time the property and inheritance of Arran became vested in Sir Robert Lynch, of Galway, but the Clan Teiges still claimed them as their ancient patrimony, and, taking advantage of the troubles in 1641, with the assistance of Boetius Clanchy the younger (a gentleman of considerable property and influence in the county Clare), prepared to invade the islands, but their design was frustrated by the interference of the Marquis of Clanricarde and the Earl of Thomond.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

To Business Men.

Bookkeeping—Manufacturers, Tradesmen, who have not a regular bookkeeper can have their ledgers posted and accounts furnished at times to suit their convenience, and on easy terms, by applying to MR. O'BRIEN, Room 30, 79 Dearborn-st.

A NEW IDEA embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. It is not a liquid or snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. Its effect is magical and a thorough treatment will cure the worst cases. Price 50c.

No greater triumph in medicine or chemistry has been recorded than Hall's Hair Renewer to revivify and restore gray hair to the color of youth.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GOLD RING.

When Helen left her apartment under the belief that the household was safe in bed, she erred grievously. They were not all gone to rest, for two lingered by the kitchen fire long after the others had departed, and these two were Norah and Luke Mahon. The former was generally last to retire, and the latter, referred to incidentally in a former chapter, contrived also to remain up under the pretense of looking after the horses in the stable, but really to enjoy a tete a tete by the kitchen fire with his good looking fellow servant It was very agreeable, Luke thought—and we are not quite sure that Norah didn't agree with him—to hold converse in the pleasant gloom of the firelight and in the glow of the smouldering ashes on the hearth turning grey and white in their waning.

"Luke,', said Norah confidentially, "isn't it very odd about Redmond. Where could he have gone?"

"It's that that's surprisin' to myself every hour in the day," said Luke, taking Norah's right hand in his own. "I can't under the sun imagine what could have become of him."

"He never would remain absent this length of time of his own accord."

"That he wouldn't," said Luke."

"The young mistress is in great distress about him."

"An' no wonder," thoughtfully assented Luke.

"I was in hopes he might have gone to Kildare, but now you see he hasn't, and Miss Helen will break her heart over it—God help her! He couldn't have been—been killed—could he?"

Norah's voice sank to a whisper and her hand trembled in his as she put the dreadful question.

"I don't think so, Norah. He wasn't the sort of fellow to get into a row or brawl, and even if he did there was no one he need turn his back upon. There wor very few abler young fellows than Redmond, or more likely to hold his own if anything of the kind took place."

"Unless he was set upon," said Norah.

"Who would set upon him? He hadn't an enemy in the world that I know of. You know yourself he had everyone's good word."

"But why doesn't he come back?" inquired Norah, her anxious heart much relieved by this cheerful statement.

"Who could tell?"

"Or where is he staying?"

"I'd just give a good year's earning to know."

"D'ye think, Luke, that he could have gone—d'ye think it possible—he'd have gone an'—got married?"

"Got married?" said Luke in a burst of amazement, which was immediately followed by subdued laughter. "I really think," said he, during an interval in his cacchination, "that the womenkind never under any circumstances have marriage out of their heads for any one half hour in the day."

And another hearty burst of laughter followed this declaration.

"You've a great deal of impudence, so you have," said Norah indignantly, and endeavoring to withdraw her hand from where it was safely locked in his. "It's just like the way wid the whole of you. When you are not bringin' sorrow and trouble on unfortunate women with your scapegracin' and your comin's and your goin's, you're insultin' 'em with your laughin' and your jokes. Let go my hand—let go my hand, I say!"

Her companion was not disposed to comply with this indignant request; on the contrary, having made, as he said, his sides "sore with the laughin'," he took hold of her hand, previously locked in his left with his right, and placing the former around her waist, drew her over to him, and, bending down his head, was about, in the best humored way in the world—to kiss her lips.

Norah's offended dignity not being disposed to allow her hand to remain in his, at least until he apologized for his quite unnecessary remark, was still less disposed to allow of this familiarity—which she prevented by a pretty sharp slap on his cheek with her left hand.

To prevent a recurrence of this defense Luke caught her left hand also; but in a moment his fun and good humor changed into seriousness, and he bent the captive hand downwards where the smoldering logs still waningly flickered and burned.

"Norah," he said gravely, "what is this?"

"What's what?" said Norah, quickly impressed by the sudden change in his manner.

"This ring—this gold ring?" said he.

"What's that to you what it is? It's a ring—that's all," said Norah, with a saucy defiance, but with a beating at her heart that was not pleasant.

"I see it's a ring, Norah," said he with great gravity, "and a gold one, too. Where did you get it?"

"Just wherever I pleased."

"Norah! you must tell me where you got that ring?"

"I won't then," said Norah, turning up her handsome face angrily. "What is it to you where I got it?"

"It's everything to me, Norah," said he, coldly but earnestly, "it's everything to me that *I* didn't give it to you."

"I'd like to see you offerin' me the like!" said Norah, with womanly wilfulness, the while her heart throbbed and the tears stood ready to burst forth.

"Well, Norah," said he, releasing his hold on her hand and letting it go with indifference, "all I can say is: it's what you oughtn't to have on your hand, and what I didn't ever expect to see on one of your fingers until I gave it to you. It was time enough for you to wear it when I did."

The fact was that Norah, from the moment Eugene had given it to her until this evening, had kept it safely in her pocket, out on this unlucky afternoon had taken the opportunity of putting it on her finger, when she was all alone, with a flutter of vanity, just to see how a ring would look on her. Unluckily, also, she had forgotten to take it off; and this gave rise to the sudden contretemps we have just seen.

If the matter had not arisen so suddenly Norah would have had no hesitation in telling when and how the present had been made her; but in the spur of the moment the opportunity was lost, and his quickly developed suspicions destroyed, for the present at any rate, any chance of a bridge of gold for the purpose.

There was no retreating, and nothing remained but to act still more haughtily on the defensive.

"I wonder who told you, Luke Mahon, that I ever wanted a ring from *you*? I'd have you to know, then," said Norah, rising and smoothing down the folds of her dress with a most bewitching movement—"I'd have you to know, then, that if you took that notion into your head it was a very foolish one, and the sooner you banish it the better. There now!—A ring, indeed."

And smoothing back the masses of dark hair, that had somehow fallen over her forehead, back into their places, and without one look at her discomfitted sweetheart, Norah left the kitchen and proceeded in the dark to her room, which was under her young mistress', and which lay at the back of the wall into which the great chimney was built. This wall was, indeed, the dividing part of the mansion—the sleeping rooms of the family, and the drawing rooms, study, parlor being separated by it from the apartments in which the servants slept—all except that of Norah.

If Cauth had been to the fore at this untoward ending of their conversation, and had seen the quarrel the Frenchman's present had given rise to, she might well say that he brought ill luck with him. Here were two simple and loving hearts, between whom he had been the unconscious means of introducing unhappiness. In truth, it seemed as if her words in his regard were perfectly correct, and that his coming to Seamore had brought with it, and left behind, sorrow and trouble.

Luke, left alone, and with very sombre reflections in his head, did what most people would do under the circumstances—he raked the white ashes off the slumbering embers, lit his pipe, and began thinking.

His thoughts were not of a bright order, nor were they cast in a cheerful mood; nevertheless, thinking of any kind being very unusual, and, in consequence, very fatiguing to him, he presently fell into a sort of disconsolate doze, and was soon fast asleep.

From this he was aroused by a smart shake and a whisper in his ear:

"Luke!—Luke, I say! Will you waken, you big 'owmadhawn?' Is it sleepin' you are, and you wantin' so badly? Waken, I say! D'ye hear me?"

"What—Norah? Is that you? What's amiss?" asked Luke loudly, startled in summary fash on out of his sleep. "What's amiss?"

"Hold your tongue, an' speak easier," whispered Norah vehemently—not noticing, or caring to notice, the somewhat contradictory character of her command.

"Why, what in the world is amiss?" asked he again, considerably startled by the breathless manner in which she addressed him. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Everything is wrong—an' you sittin' asleep here, Did anyone ever see the like?"

"Why, what is Norah? How did I know that I should keep awake?" queried Luke, in most ludicrous distress. "Why don't you tell me? Is the house afire?"

"Did anyone ever hear the like of that?" asked the distracted girl. "Is the house afire?"

"You'll set me mad, Norah—that's what you'll do. Why don't you tell me what's gone wrong?"

"Didn't I tell you afore? An' you sittin' there—doin' nothing only talkin'! The young mistress is gone!"

"The young mistress gone!" almost shouted Luke as he jumped to his feet. "Is it Miss Helen?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" said Norah, putting her hand on his mouth to prevent his speaking too loudly.

"Where is she gone?"

"I don't know. She's gone across the Rath—through the scrub—and towards the sea."

"For what?"

"I don' know, but she's gone. God knows for what—only I think she's distracted. You must go after her, Luke, an' watch her, an' see that no harm come to her. The life will lave me with fright."

"That I will," said Luke promptly. "Will I be able to overtake her?"

"To be sure you will. Hurry, man alive! and don't be wastin' time. Across the Rath, Luke, she went—an' if you take the by-path to the low strand you'll get in view of her: and don't come within sight of my two eyes evermore if you don't see that no marm comes to her, and bring the poor girl back safe and sound."

Luke didn't want to hear more, nor did he scarcely wait—or perhaps if he did it was little more than wait—for the encouraging kiss which Norah, in her thankfulness to him for his alertness, bestowed upon him, but hurried through the door and was quickly in the Rath through which Helen was said to have gone. Having passed this, he hurried in the direction indicated until he reached the shore. The tall whins shut out his view previously, but having arrived on the strand, the horizon, so far as it was not limited by the darkness, was clear. But there was no one in sight! No moving form, as far as his vision reached, disturbed the silence of the place, nor interrupted his solitude.

He ran up and down swiftly on the low margin of grass that bordered the strand in order that the grating of his feet on the gravel should not prevent sounds or cries falling on his ears. But in vain. There was no one around. No figure disturbed the calm of the night; no voice or cry reached his ears—nothing but the sound of the waves, beating softly and placidly, falling on the strand.

The bead-drops stood on his forehead, partly with the exercise but more because of the excitement and anxiety he was in.

"Where did Helen go? Why was she walking anywhere at this hour of the night? Could Norah have been mistaken?"

These were the thoughts that coursed through Luke's mind as he stood on a projecting rock above the scrub bushes and looked around and listened.

There was no one in view. No sound came on his ear. Only a distant light, faintly glimmering, attracted his attention.

He knew the light well. It was the one that so constantly burned in old Moya's cabin. Without any fixed purpose, other than there was nothing to be done else, he turned his steps in that direction, and entered the cabin just as Helen, shocked by the utterances of the old crone, had fallen on the floor.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Medine Heetia Consilium.

An Reim-sgeal.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MHAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

A chàig na Cairge! breathnaig go direach,
Muá na Banba a n-anacar suighte,
Air nós má leanaid na fearaibh dá bh-fuadar,
Uch, mo lagar! caithfeamna a bh-fuadach!
'Sé am 'nar mbéinn leó céile phósadh,
An tam nár mbéinn le aon bhean gabhail leo,
An tam nár bh-fú bheith fúghtha síste,
Acht seandaig thúnda, shúighte, chlaoidhte,
Dá d-tigeach amach le teas na h-óige,
Duine fó seacht air theacht fé'sóige,
A n-am bheith bleacht nó a neart do núadhchar,
'S ceangal le mnaoi mhaith mhín-tais thobhthadh,
Thaithneamhach, shúighte, shíol, no d'fhóghluim,
Clódh dheas chaoin, no míonladh mhánladh,
Do m'eól di súigh no teacht do láithir.
Acht seanduine úghar no donn doilghíosach,
Chruinnig le dóghruinn eabhair nár chuibhe dho,
Is e chrádhaig mo chroídhe, 's do sgaoil gan chéill me,
'S d fhág mo smaointe 's m'intinn tnacehta,
Craidhte, teíun, mar taoim go tréith-lag
Cásmar, claoidhte, cscí 'sa géar-ghol!
An uair do chídhim preabaire calma, crof íhe'amhúil,
Fuadrach, fearamhúil, baramhúil, bríochmhar,
Stuamadh, staramhúil, seasamhach, saoidheamhúil,
Gruadh-dhas ghreanamhar, gheanamhúil, ghnaoidhea mhúil.
Nó buachaill bastalach, beacantadh, bródhcas,
Cruadh-cheart, cranasach, ceapaighthe, corach,
Buaidhte, ceanaighthe, ceangailte posta,
Ag fuaid, ag caillig, ag aimid ló ómhaid.
Nó ag samharladh salach de chaile gan tíonsgal,
Stuacach, staiticeach, aithiseach, stúncach,
Sualdhte, sodalach, focalach, fáigeamhúil,
Cuardach codaltach, goirgeach, grainsamhúil.
Mo chreach! mo lot! tá molt mi-bhéasach,
Caile na g-cos, 's folt gan réighteach,
Dá ceangal a nocht 'sé loisg go h-aodh me,
'S eá bh-full mo locht ná tóghfuidhe roímpe?
Créad an t-adhbhar ná tabharfuighe gradh dham,
'S me chóman leabhair, chómh módhamhuil, chomh breágh so?
Is deas mo bhéal, mo dhéad, mo gháire,
Is geal mo ghné,—tá m-éadan tláith-tais,
Is glas mo shúil—tá m'uriadh sgáinneach,
Eachallach, búclach, cúplach, fáinneach.
Mo leacadh, mo ghnúis, gan smut, gan smáchal,
Tarraingthe cúmtha, lonrach, sgáthmhar.
Mo phíb mo bhrághaid, mo lámha, mo mhéaraibh,
A síor-breith bár na h-áilne o chéile.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

SHORT SKIRTS.

Eleanor Kirk Insists that the Comfort of Women Demands that They Shall Come Into General Use.

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Oct. 27.—A bright correspondent suggests the expediency of a storm costume which shall obviate the necessity of bedraggled skirts and make it possible for a woman to climb elevated railroad steps, with a bundle and an umbrella, without being a terror to her neighbor and an intolerable nuisance to herself.

I second the motion, and was in hopes that the writer would describe the style of dress which she thinks would be appropriate, but instead of that she has left it to me. She could not have placed it in more incompetent hands. The bad thoughts I used to think, the wicked words I wanted to say, and the knock down and drag-out feelings that once floated from somewhere into my inner consciousness when at last after stumbling over my clothes, I reached the platform in mid air, could never be described by mortal pen. To stop when half way up to take another reef in my petticoats, while the crowd behind surged and anathematized, was enough to make a saint cross, provided that saint had to travel about in such toggery. My friends will see that I speak of those aggravations in in the past tense, though I admit that I have not yet attained to a costume which is in every respect thoroughly comfortable for a business and rainy day suit. I do not suppose that there is anything this side of trousers that will ever be quite satisfactory, and I have never yet had the slightest desire to wear those garments. I have been accused, in some quarters, of advising women to adopt disfiguring costumes. A bigger falsehood could not be told, for there is no woman in the world believes more thoroughly in grace and beauty than I do. A healthy, well formed, tastefully dressed woman is always an object of interest to me, and may the day be far distant when she will put on trousers. But I do think that we can have a costume which will fill the bill of convenience and beauty. We have almost reached it now. The short, light weight skirt which does not droop in front, the combination underwear, the divided petticoat, which no outsider ever knows is divided, make it possible for women to go up and down long flights of stairs and get in and out of vehicles on rainy days with very little inconvenience. A woman can now preserve her serenity because she can keep moving on, and isn't in danger of being pushed and sworn at by the hurrying throng behind her.

In reference to inquiries about school dresses for young girls, I have been told by one in authority that braid will be used extensively this fall and winter for trimming such dresses, especially plain and striped fabrics. There will not be much choice as far as style is concerned between contrasting colors and those of the same color or a shade or two darker than the material. It is simply a question of taste. I saw yesterday a pretty school dress at a Broadway store, of grey serge trimmed with dark blue Goff's braid. There were five rows on the left side of the skirt from the waistband to the hem, and the same trimming was prettily disposed at the back. There was another of brown striped goods, trimmed at the bottom with several rows of the lighter shade of brown. This was a very stylish dress. To mothers who are in the habit of making such dresses I would say, be sure and get Goff's braid, and do not be put off with an inferior substitute.

"I am not yet thirty years old," writes one of my readers at a distance, "and my hair is litterally falling off my head. I am willing to spend any amount of time in its restoration and all the money I can afford, if I can only succeed. But perhaps you do not think such things are of much consequence."

Here is another delusion. Good hair and good teeth will make even a plain woman beautiful, and their importance cannot be overrated. I have had so many communications on the subject of hair that I have taken the trouble to see how a professional hair trester, a woman who has studied the anatomy and physiology of the hair—so to speak—manages with her patients. She has no secrets, and is very happy to be of service to those who need the information. She says that ladies universally neglect their hair. They allow it to go for months in an uneven condition and split at the ends. Then the scalp is not kept clean and the roots become clogged with dust and dandruff. Proper circulation of the blood is thus impeded, and the destruction of the hair naturally follows. In the first place the hair must be carefully clipped, and the split ends disposed of. Then the scalp and the hair must be thoroughly washed with water and pure white Castile soap. Do not use ammonia, alcohol, or borax. Rinse well in tepid water, and then partially dry with towels and brush into shape. Next saturate the hair on the head with a fluid called "The Miracle," which is, I understand, a purely vegetable remedy much used in professional practice. After this, brush as long as possible with a stiff, clean brush, and when dry brush again and dress the hair lightly with a little pure white vaseline. This process should be gone through with once a week, and the fluid used every day.

A correspondent informs me that two months ago her seamstress brought her several sets of muslin underwear and several pairs of sheets and pillow cases, and that tiny pin holes have commenced to appear in those that have been worn. She uses nothing but the purest soap in washing.

Sometimes the excessive use of alkalies in the process of laundering is responsible for such results, but this is a clear case of fraudulent goods. I use "Pride of the West" muslin, and by so doing insure underwear that does not turn yellow, that will outlast many a trimming, and defy the laundress who waits for one's back to be turned to sift in the alkali.

ELEANOR KIRK.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Bassebark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

Nearly Always Right in Her Judgment in Regard to Common Things.

An old gentleman over seventy, came into the city from his farm, without his overcoat. The day turned chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the fair.

To a friend who remonstrated with him for going away from home thus unprepared, he said: "I thought it was going to be warm; my wife told me to take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than men anyway."

A frank admission.

Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; may it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to strike the nail on the head, in all the ordinary problems of life, more frequently than the lords of creation.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawling sensations, like the flowing of water in the head, who are 'tired all the time' and have unexplained attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's disease."

The veteran newspaper correspondent, Joe Howard, of the New York *Press*, in noting this statement, suggests: "Possibly Alice is correct in her diagnosis, but why doesn't she give some idea of treatment? I know a man who has been 'tired all the time' for ten years. Night before last he took two doses of calomel and yesterday he wished he hadn't."

A proper answer is found in the following letter of Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. William J. Davis, of Basil, O., June 21, 1890:

"I do not hesitate to say that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure. I had a constant hemorrhage from my kidneys for more than five months. The physicians could do nothing for me. My husband spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical men in the State. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely and do cheerfully recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidney troubles."

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CARRICK—At No. 13 West road, Dublin, Oct. 6, Mary, wife of Peter Carrick.

COMPTON—At No. 110 Great Britain street, Dublin, Oct. 5, Thomas Compton, late of Athlone.

HAYDEN—At Main street, Graigue, Co. Kilkenny, Patrick Hayden.

SCANLAN—At Garranboy House, Killaloe, Oct. 3, Jeremiah, son of John and Margaret Scanlan, aged 30.

FLYNN—At his residence, 2 Carter's lane, Dublin, Oct. 9, Edward Flynn.

LEAHY—At Oughterard, county Galway, Oct. 8, Jeremiah Leahy.

MURPHY—At his residence, Kilkeasakan, Carbury, county Kildare, Oct. 9, William Murphy.

QUIGLEY—At his residence, Castleblayney, Oct. 10, William Quigley.

BRENNAN—At the Hospice for the Dying, Haroldscross, Dublin, Daniel Brennan, lithographic printer.

GORDON—At his residence, Currenturpane, Frenchpark, Oct. 9, Francis J. Gordon, aged 30 years.

LAFFAN—At his residence, Rutland avenue, Dolphin's Barn, Oct. 14, Michael Laffan, aged 84.

MARTIN—At his residence, Ballycallan, county Kildare, Oct. 14, James Martin.

O'NEILL POWER—At 7 Eyre square, Galway, Oct. 14, Jane, relict of the late Nicholas O'Neill Power, of Snow Hill, county Kilkenny, J.P.

MANSFIELD—At Landscape, county Waterford, Oct. 7, Octavian A. Mansfield, eldest surviving son of the late Walter Henry Mansfield, of Yeomanstown, Naas, county Kildare, aged 63.

KENNEDY—At Bagenalstown, Oct. 11, Edward J. Kennedy, eldest son of John J. Kennedy, aged 18.

REDMOND—At his sister's residence, No. 1 John street, New Ross, Oct. 8, Nicholas P. Redmond.

REILLY—At Market square, Cavan, Oct. 12, Bridget, sister of the late John Reilly, J. P.

SHERIDAN—At his residence, Ringlestown, Kilmessan, county Meath, Oct. 12, William Sheridan, at an advanced age brother of the late Rev. James Sheridan, P.P., Multyfarnham.

HADE—At her residence, Athy street, Carlow, Oct. 14, Elizabeth Josephine, wife of William Hade, C.E., aged 50.

HEFFERNAN—At his residence, Fox Hill, Athy, county Kildare, Oct. 11, Nicholas Heffernan, aged 27.

HOGAN—At Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, Oct. 12, Annie, youngest daughter of William Hogan, Clomoney, Goresbridge, county Kilkenny.

HOWLETT—Oct. 11, Catherine M. Howlett, dearly beloved wife of John Howlet, J.P., Russelstown House, Inistioge.

MOLPHY—At his residence, Empor, Ballynacargy, county Westmeath, Oct. 11, Thomas Molphy.

PUPE—Oct. 12, the Very Rev. Canon Pope, St. Andrews, Westland row, aged 80 years.

SMITH—At 5 Lower Fitzwilliam street, Dublin, Oct. 10, Jennie Myers, widow of the late P. J. Smyth, Esq., M.P.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gilligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. R. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Carten, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Aroner ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2038 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 39th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 3549 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Allport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Allport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 884 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mcgregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St. John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 492 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Meretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 326 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2054 Scnfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathz, pastor.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. E. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 621 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, C.S.B., pastor. Residence 200 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C.S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 8 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Vens, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. E. Kosiowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

DU CHAILLU IN GOTHAM

An Interview with the Famous African Explorer.

THE STANLEY-BARTTELOT MATTER.

Du Chaillu Says the Insinuations Against Barttelot Made by Explorer Stanley Were Unjust—He Also Accuses Stanley of Being Jealous of Bonny and of Withholding Praise Due to Du Chaillu.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—Paul B. Du Chaillu, the famous African explorer, who since his arrival in America three weeks ago has passed a delightful time at the home of George W. Childs in Philadelphia, came to this city Monday to lecture on "The Ancient Homes of the English Race" before the American Geographical society in Chickering hall Monday night. In an interview on the Stanley-Barttelot matter, he said:

"I saw all of Mr. Stanley's lieutenants in London after their return from Africa, and I know from many of their utterances there was bad blood between the leader and his men. It came out in many ways, but of course none of the men spoke openly. This feeling was first made public when Stanley wanted to influence the English Geographical society to prevent their giving a medal to Bonny. Stanley failed, however, and Bonny got the decoration.

Will Tell a Different Story.

"The present controversy would bring out more unpleasant facts than people imagine. Nearly all of Mr. Stanley's aids will write for publication when their agreement not to publish anything until six months after his book appears is at an end."

"Are they capable of writing?"

"They can certainly talk," he replied, "and some one else can do the writing. Whatever Bonny writes will carry most weight, as he is the only white man that knows all about the last days of Barttelot and the horrors of the camp. His story will create a world-wide sensation. The published statement that Maj. Barttelot was shot by a chief, jealous of the white man's attention to the black's wife, is absurd. The blacks do not shoot for their women. On the contrary, they will give them to you with open hands. No black would think of killing a white man for such a trifling offense in Africa. Bonny will tell a different story from the above when he decides to speak on the subject and then readers for the first time will get the truth."

Stanley Failed to Credit Him.

Mr. Du Chaillu, in referring to Mr. Stanley's book, said: "It could not have been published at a more fortunate time for the writer. His glory is fresh and the eyes of the world are upon him.

"Do you know," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "that in his last book Stanley never gave me credit for my discovery of the dwarfs in the Congo region and my assertion that in the depths of the unexplored forest the little men and women would be found in great numbers."

In an interview Herbert Ward says that in his "In Darkest Africa" Stanley takes too harsh a view of the rear guard, that suffered so much while doing their best. It is not difficult to observe that Ward is much shocked at the manner of Stanley's attack on Barttelot. In referring to Barttelot's mode of death he calls it murder, and speaking of the relief of Emin said "When Emin was taken prisoner."

The Mob Changed Its Mind.

DENVER, Colo., Oct. 28.—A mob was organized to lynch Tony Kirby, the murderer of Robert Ronan, at daybreak Monday. Kirby is incarcerated in the city jail. The police learned of the premeditated lynching, in time to be prepared for the attack, and the result was an abandonment of the attempt. Ronan's friends, however, openly threaten to kill Kirby at the first opportunity. Kirby and Ronan recently had a duel in a gambling house, Kirby dodged behind a desk in the office and killed Ronan.

Death of Gen. Roberts.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 28.—Gen. Stephen H. Roberts died at his residence here at a late hour Monday night, aged about 73 years. He served in the Indian and Mexican wars, and during the late rebellion was in command of the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth New York volunteers and afterward commanded a brigade. He was a personal friend of Lincoln, Grant and McClellan. Gen. Roberts was appointed postmaster of Brooklyn by President Lincoln.

Severe Storm on the Mediterranean.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—A storm which has prevailed throughout the extent of the Mediterranean during the last two days has inflicted immense damage upon shipping generally and in many cases upon the staunchest war vessels. The Italian Mediterranean squadron has sustained damage which it will require 1,000,000 francs to repair, and many smaller craft have been driven ashore and broken to pieces or foundered in mid-sea.

Social Scandal at Denver.

DENVER, Colo., Oct. 28.—Denver social circles were seriously disturbed Monday by a sensational scandal. C. A. Deane, a prominent railroad contractor, sued S. Willis French for $100,000 for the alleged seduction of his wife. French is a wealthy real estate man of this city. Deane alleges that French has ruined his home, and wants heavy compensation for the shock it gave him. All parties are reticent.

Goes Against the Jew Every Time.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—The Russian police are showing more than usual activity in hunting down Nihilists, and arrests are being made by wholesale. In Odessa most of the victims are Jews, and if no other evidence can be found against them they are deported to Siberia on the charge of violating the laws directed against that race.

Supposed Lake Disaster.

FRANKFORT, Mich., Oct. 28.—A small schooner, supposed to be the Jane Anderson, was sighted by the life-saving station flying signals of distress Monday. Immediately a tug was notified and started to her assistance, but could find nothing of her, and it is feared that she sank with all on board.

Fire at Newport, Ky.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 28.—A portion of the big malt house of the George Wiedemann Brewing company in Newport was destroyed by fire Monday night, together with several thousand bushels of grain, entailing a loss of about $50,000. Insurance not known.

TELEGRAPHERS ON STRIKE.

The Western Union Operators at St. Paul Quit Work.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 28.—With the exception of three operators and as many sub chiefs the entire night force employed here by the Western Union walked out at 8 o'clock Monday night. This is the first move on the part of members of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers to get even with the Western Union for the alleged systematic attempt to disrupt that organization. Monday afternoon a committee of the St. Paul branch of the brotherhood consisting of the six officers of the local branch of the organization who were discharged by the Western Union last Saturday went to Minneapolis to confer with Superintendent McMichael regarding the position the company is taking in the premises.

Put on Their Coats and Left.

Superintendent McMichael positively refused to receive the men as representatives of the brotherhood, but was willing to accord them an interview as individuals. The position taken by the superintendent gave the operators all the information they sought and they withdrew. Monday night word was passed around among the night men that they would be expected to quit work at 8 o'clock sharp. The clock in the operating-room was three minutes fast and as soon as it marked 8 the men put on their coats and filed down-stairs. The walkout was so unexpected that it dazed the night chief and his two assistants.

No Operators in Sight.

Fifty-odd messages from as many points in the northwest, chiefly specials to Twin City and Chicago newspapers, lay on the long desks uncompleted, while as many operators at the other ends of the wires were frantically inquiring the reason for such a sudden cessation of business. There were no operators in sight or likely to be found by the dozens of messengers dispatched for members of the day force. Manager Hughes and Chief Operator Kelly were sent for. Meanwhile the night chief, his two assistants and three operators who were called in from newspaper offices attempted to unravel the snarl and handle the business that kept piling up before them.

Must Leave the Brotherhood.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 28.—Manager Perry, of the Western Union telegraph office in this city, received orders Monday from Division Superintendent Wright, of Cleveland, to discharge all operators who are members of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers. There are only three brotherhood operators in the Western Union office and they were advised by the leaders of the brotherhood to withdraw from the order to retain their positions.

SHE LOVES HER COACHMAN.

A Coming Wedding of Unusual Interest in New York.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 28.—Port Dickinson is a charming little suburb of Binghamton and is noted for its many charming young ladies. Prominent among them are the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Phelps. One of them, Miss Lizzie Phelps, has fallen a victim to the wiles of Cupid. Unknown to the family there sprang up an attachment between the young lady and her father's coachman, William Slatterly, that was soon fanned into a flame of love. Finding that all efforts to change her mind were useless, the mother was won over. Not so with the father and sisters. Mr. Phelps and Miss Emma have gone to New York to avoid being present at the ceremony, which is to occur in a few days. Miss Phelps is a social belle and one of the wealthiest young ladies in the state. She is a niece of the late Judge Phelps and has a cool $100,000 in cash that was left to her by her deceased relative.

Gladstone Visits Patti.

LONDON, Oct. 28.—One of the most interesting incidents of the Mid-Lothian campaign to the outside public was the visit of Mr. Gladstone to Mme. Patti after the concert in Music hall, Edinburgh. After the congratulations and salutations were over the great orator and diva seated themselves on the sofa and began to discuss most earnestly the relative merits of the various lozenges used in their respective callings, and Gladstone received from Patti the one she had found the most efficacious and consumed it on the spot with great unction.

"La Grippe" Again in New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—Sporadic cases of grippe are occurring in this city, and there is some fear on the part of the authorities that it may become epidemic again with the chill winds of November. The health department reports a number of cases contracted last winter from which the patients have not recovered. Physicians confess that the more they study the malady the more they are puzzled by it.

A Costly Conflagration.

EUREKA SPRINGS, Ark., Oct. 28.—Fire started in H. S. Collin's jewelry store in the Perry house, on Spring street Monday afternoon, and consumed property valued at $300,000. There was no loss of life. The Perry house, Springfield house, Ohio house and thirty-five other business and dwelling houses were destroyed. The total insurance is about $7,000.

The Reward He Got.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Oct. 28.—In the superior court Monday William F. Murdock of Lynn, pleaded guilty to placing a rail on the Boston and Maine track at Saugus. He did it in the hope of obtaining a reward, and immediately afterward notified the railroad officers. He was sentenced to nine years in the state prison.

More Trouble at Ticino.

BERNE, Oct. 28.—In the canton of Ticino the troubles between the conservatives and liberals have broken out anew and disorders have again taken place. The federal government has despatched an additional battalion of troops to assist in restoring order in the canton.

Spain Might Find It Costly.

MADRID, Oct. 28.—Thirty-two of the bishops who assisted at the Roman Catholic congress at Saragossa, have addressed a petition to the queen regent asking the interference of Spain to put a stop to "the unjust treatment of the pope in the hands of Italy."

A Report Denied.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—Vicar General Preston has denied the report that the Roman Catholic hierarchy in America has been instructed by Cardinal Simeoni to give no countenance to the appeals of Dillon and O'Brien on their forthcoming visit to the United States.

A BRAKEMAN'S CARELESSNESS.

It Costs the Lives of Two Men—Two Others Fatally Hurt.

HAMILTON, Ohio, Oct. 25.—A wreck occurred on the Cincinnati and Indianapolis road near Oxford on a siding known as Lockport. The south bound train had been sidetracked to allow the up train to pass. A brakeman carelessly neglected to lock the switch and in some manner it sprung open. The up train was running at a break-neck speed and dashed onto the siding with terrific force. The cars piled up on top of each other in an indescribable heap. Two coaloil cars caught fire and soon twenty-five cars were blazing furiously.

Two Men Killed Outright.

Every one was loaded with costly merchandise and were completely destroyed with their contents, involving a loss variously estimated at $75,000 to $125,000. In the shock of the collison Engineer Myers was instantly killed and his brakeman, James Cassidy, so badly wounded that he will die before morning. An unknown man was caught in the jam and burned to death. Brakeman Powell will die before morning. Four other men were injured. This information comes by telephone and is perfectly reliable. The railroad officials here say the loss will not exceed $50,000, and that no one was killed, but five wounded, two seriously.

ANOTHER MURDER IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Dead Body of an Italian Found in the River.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Oct. 25.—The dead body of a murdered Italian was found floating in a sack in an eddy in the river just below Kennerville Friday morning. The body was found by some negroes who made a living catching drift wood. Everything indicates that another foul crime has been committed. Who the murdered man was and where he came from is at present a mystery, but from appearances he evidently belonged to the lower class of Italians.

Iron in the Pockets.

The men made the body fast to the bank. Coroner Lebeuf of Jefferson parish was notified and proceeded to the spot, impaneled a jury, and held an autopsy. After a careful investigation the coroner ascertained that death had been caused by strangulation. The neck was discolored and showed signs of either a rope or fingers having been pressed against the windpipe. The clothes of the dead man were searched but nothing of value was found. Several heavy pieces of iron were found in the pockets which the murderers doubtless placed there to keep the body from rising.

GREAT BLAZE IN MOBILE.

The Alabama City Swept by a Raging Conflagration.

MOBILE, Ala., Oct. 27.—One of the most disastrous conflagrations ever witnessed in this city began Sunday at about 12:30 in the shingle mill of Stewart & Butt, and owing to the strong northwest wind prevailing was not checked until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and only then after a favorable change in the wind. The scene of the fire was in the extreme northern end of the city, and includes the destruction of between 7,000 and 8,000 bales of cotton, eight ware houses, three cotton compresses, the large cotton seed oil mills, the big ice factory, the Mobile fertilizer factory, two large wood and coal sheds, three of the river steamers, and a box factory. There was no loss of life, although many of the firemen were overcome with heat and smoke and many narrow escapes from falling walls occurred. The loss is one of the most serious ever known here, and can be roughly put at $650,000; insurance about $400,000.

Petition for Sunday Closing.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 27.—The clergy of this city, Protestant and Roman Catholic, recently presented a petition to Mayor Cowie asking him to enforce the law regarding the closing of saloons on Sunday. A laymen's petition to the same effect, and containing more than 1,000 signatures, was also presented to the mayor. The mayor has written to the Rev. Dr. George B. Spaulding, who presented the clergymen's petition, that the police will be instructed to enforce the law concerning the closing of saloons on Sunday.

An Ex-Alderman Shot.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—Ex-Alderman William P. Whelan died shortly after 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon at the Michael Reese hospital, the victim of a bullet fired from a 44-caliber Colt's revolver in the hand of George Hathaway, a gambler. The shooting took place in Matt A. Hogan's saloon and restaurant, 336 State street. Hathaway was arrested at 1 o'clock Sunday afternoon by Detectives Trehorn and McDonald of the central station while crossing the Clark street bridge.

"Death by Parties Unknown."

AUGUSTA, Me., Oct. 25.—Monday General Williams, a negro boy 17 years old, shot and killed the 5-year-old son of J. Robertson, white, five miles from Millers. Thursday night a sheriff's deputy started with Williams for Waynesboro, but was met by an armed mob, who took the prisoner away, and tying him to a tree, riddled him with bullets. The coroner's verdict was death by parties unknown.

An Indian Sentenced to Death.

MISSOULA, Mont., Oct. 25.—Antler, an Indian, was Friday found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death. He is one of three Indians who killed three prospectors in 1887. His two companions were hung by a vigilance committee of settlers, but Antler escaped, and was at large until last summer.

Want a Foreign Contract Labor Law.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—The London Dockers' union has resolved to petition parliament to prohibit the importation of foreign contract labor, the Shipping federation having proposed to engage foreigners to take the places of striking dock laborers.

Lady Managers of the World's Fair.

WASHINGTON CITY, Oct. 27.—Secretary Windom has determined to call a meeting of the lady managers of the world's fair, to be held in Chicago Nov. 18. They will receive $6 a day and expenses.

Steam Fitters on Strike.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—About 400 steam and gas fitters in this city went on a strike Monday morning. They demand $3 per day, eight hours' work and recognition of their union.

Last year the most notorious trust was the bread union in London. It took in all the important bakers, 277 in number, in the metropolis. The failure and entire dissolution of the trust is now announced.

THE TIPPERARY TRIAL.

Summonses Issued for Several More Irishmen.

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE PEOPLE.

A Well-Know and Popular Priest Attempts to Have Balfour Arrested but Fails—The Slayer of Councillor Rossi Will Have to Go Back to Switzerland—The Trouble Between the Seamen's Union and the Ship-Owners.

TIPPERARY, Oct. 24.—The court Friday ordered summonses served upon Messrs. Harrison, O'Brien, Dalton and others identified with the recent troubles with the police. This action was taken at the instance of counsel for the crown which promptly followed up its success in securing the dismissal of the preceding and defective charges against the defendants by obtaining from the court the new summons. As the matter now stands the defendants are relegated to the assizes for trial, after a preliminary hearing has been had before an ordinary court of petty sessions. The crown's action has renewed the excitement which existed among the people of Tipperary during the earlier days of the conspiracy case.

Wanted Mr. Balfour Arrested.

The feeling is that the government by transferring its prosecution of the prisoners hopes to strengthen a hold upon them which is felt to be daily becoming weaker. Father Humphreys, one of the defendants in the conspiracy case and a well-known and popular priest who was sentenced by the magistrates to pay a fine of £20 or be imprisoned for six months on a charge of having assaulted a policeman's wife, came into court Friday morning, and, through counsel, asked that a summons be issued for the arrest of Mr. Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland. In the argument made by Father Humphreys' counsel in support of the demand for the summons it was stated that it was expected to show that the arrest of Father Humphreys was made on a charge trumped up by the police inspired by Mr. Balfour. The magistrates promptly refused to issue the summons.

COUNCILLOR ROSSI'S SLAYER.

He Has Been Found Guilty of an Extraditable Offense.

LONDON, Oct. 24.—Castioni, the Swiss radical, who shot and killed Councillor Rossi at Bellinzona, Canton of Ticino, during the recent revolt there, and who subsequently escaped to this city where he was captured on Oct. 4 and who was then remanded to prison by the Bow street magistrate was brought into court Friday morning. When the prisoner had been arraigned the magistrate stated that the point raised by the prisoner's counsel, as to whether the killing of Councillor Rossi, under the circumstances obtaining in the Swiss Canton at the time of the affair, did not make the act one of a political nature, had been fully considered. The court was of the opinion that the prisoner was guilty of an extraditable offense and it therefore ordered that extradition papers immediately issue unless the prisoner appeals to a higher court.

Expects the Struggle Next Week.

LONDON, Oct. 24.—Mr. Wilson, secretary of the National Seamen's union, today said that he looked for the inauguration next week of the great struggle between the union and the ship-owners. He said that the keepers of the innumerable sailors' boarding houses were already engaged in the attempt to supply men by the wholesale from their lodgings the union. Blandishments and threats, he said, were both used by these people who were alike familiar with the weaknesses and necessities of the seamen, who were, in thousands of cases, dependent upon them for food and shelter while in the port and seeking positions. Mr. Wilson added that it was almost impossible to overestimate the gravity of the coming struggle, involving, as it did, the very existence of the union.

Evictions on the Ponsonby Estate.

DUBLIN, Oct. 24.—Evictions on the famous Ponsonby estate were resumed Thursday, the evictions being executed by a large force of police and soldiers of a Welsh regiment. Fourteen families were turned out. No disturbance of any kind occurred. The result of the Eccles election was posted on the doors of the evicted tenants and loudly cheered.

Kaiser Billy's Present to Moltke.

BERLIN, Oct 24.—The emperor's birthday present to Count von Moltke is a marshal's baton of silver, embellished with imperial eagles set with diamonds.

Run Down by a Train.

FREDONIA, Wis., Oct. 24.—The Rev. Father Frank, pastor of the Evangelical Luthern church, of this place, and his daughter were driving across the track of the Milwaukee and Northern railroad Thursday evening in a deep cut on a curve between Fredonia station and Saukville, when a south-bound express struck the vehicle, killing the horse instantly and seriously injuring the occupants. The train was brought to a stop and the injured were taken to Cedarburg, where they were put at once under medical care. It was found on examination that neither received fatal injuries.

The Count Shows Good Sense.

MONTREAL, Canada, Oct. 24.—The citizens' committee has decided that at the banquet to the Comte de Paris the white fleur-de-lis flag of the old Bourbon dynasty shall not appear, and that the banquet hall will be decorated only with the flags of England, France, and Canada. The comte has asked that no political allusions of any kind be made in ady of the speeches.

They Secured but 50 Cents.

SYCAMORE, Ills., Oct. 24.—Burglars entered the office of Gen. W. F. Partridge, dealer in coal and oil, Thursday night, broke the knob off the safe, blew the door to pieces, and secured 50 cents in cash and an empty cigar box.

Drawing It Pretty Fine.

OTTAWA, Oct. 24.—The customs department has refused to admit free of duty car wheels to replace wheels on the cars of the National Car Dispatch company, of St. Albans, Vt., which have become broken in transit through Canada.

A Massachusetts Town Fire-Swept.

BOSTON, Oct. 24.—A bulletin just received from East Pepperell, Mass., says that the entire business portion of the town has been burned and that the loss will reach $500,000.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Three seal sacques, and a quantity of silk, linen and clothing, which Nathan Meyer and his family brought from Europe, were seized on Monday by the New York customs officers. The Meyers live in Chicago.

Pete McCartney, one of the most noted counterfeiters in the United States, died in the Ohio penitentiary at Columbus Tuesday, where he was serving a ten years' sentence for passing counterfeit money in New Orleans in 1868.

Mrs. Mary Burns, the wife of a fisherman, was arrested in Kansas City, Mo., for intoxication. After being locked in a cell she made seven separate attempts to hang herself, using articles of clothing for ropes. She was finally strapped to a cot.

D. A. Reynolds, better known as "Kit" Reynolds, was shot four times and almost instantly killed Tuesday at Globe, Ark., by Alex. Graydon, a prominent citizen. Reynolds was drunk, and is known to have made threats against Graydon.

James Westerworth was thrown from a wagon at Mason City, Ill., Tuesday, and killed. He was aged 65. His granddaughter, who also was in the carriage, was seriously injured.

Nelson is reported to have trotted a mile in 2:10¾ Tuesday at Cambridge City, Ind.

At Collinston, Utah, Oct. 16, four men were blown to pieces by a premature powder explosion.

Estimates based on 487 reports representing all but two counties in South Dakota place the total yield of wheat for the state at 17,066,600 bushels, and corn 17,492,242 bushels.

In Ansonia, Conn., three Chinamen entered a street car, and when the conductor came for fares one of the Celestials gave his head a turn and a jerk and dropped three nickels from his ear into the conductor's hand.

Joseph Blunk, Jr., was fatally injured by the premature explosion of a blast in his father's quarry in Ottumwa, Iowa, Wednesday. One arm was torn off, both eyes blown out, and his head and face terribly mangled.

The dead body of an inmate of the Leavenworth, Kan., Soldiers' home named Foster was found under the railroad bridge Wednesday morning. It is supposed he was killed by cars.

The tariff debate between David A. Wells and Charles A. Russell, candidates for congress in the Third Connecticut district, will begin at Norwich Friday evening.

At their meeting Wednesday at Springfield, the Illinois F. M. B. A. re-elected Judge Cicero J. Lindley as president, and passed resolutions denouncing the Conger lard bill.

Silas D. Clark, an old citizen of Freeport, Ill., dropped dead of heart disease Wednesday.

Ovide Godeau, a mulatto, was taken from jail Sunday at West Melville, La., and hanged to a bridge.

There are now four widows of supreme court justices living in Washington—Mrs. Waite, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Stanley Matthews, and Mrs. Miller.

Jacob Kleiner, of Highland, Ills., was found dead in his rooms at a Davenport, Iowa, hotel Wednesday. He blew out the gas.

M. G. Patterson, the Decatur, Ills., architect, who mysteriously disappeared last December, has been heard from at Denver, Colo., where he is sick and destitute. Masons will bring him home.

Gold medals were issued Wednesday by the secretary of the treasury to L. O. Lawson, keeper, and six surfmen of the Evanston, Ills., life-saving station, for rescuing the crew of the steamer Calumet last November.

Fire Wednesday morning at San Francisco destroyed the Mission Soap and Candle works, the Pacific Mattress factory, and four cottages. The total loss is $80,000.

George Swirrels, of Chicago, jumped from a train which was going thirty miles an hour at Elkhart, Ind., Wednesday and was instantly killed.

Henry M. Stanley has been given a degree by Cambridge university.

Wednesday, in the United States circuit court at Kansas City, it was decided that the law passed by the last legislature of Missouri levying a tax of $2 upon every $100 charged by express companies for carrying freight over rented or leased lines in the state was valid.

At Rolling Fork, Miss., Harry Williams, a mulatto, was hanged Wednesday for the murder of a white man. While standing on the scaffold he remarked that whisky had brought him there, and warned every one to let it alone.

Ruby, the Liberal candidate for parliament in the Eccles division of Lancashire, England, was elected Wednesday. The Conservatives carried the district in the preceding election.

Boulanger, in a statement published in a French newspaper, said he was offered 1,000,000 francs for a lecture tour in America.

William Pelette, who murderously assaulted Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara near Port Huron, Mich., Tuesday night, was arrested Thursday.

Ex-Governor Noble, the war governor of Wisconsin, was stricken with apoplexy at Brooklyn on Thursday. It is believed that he will recover.

Mattie Moulton, of Alpena, Mich., was shot dead Thursday by Harry Beebe, who was playing with a rifle.

Derrick C. Dodge, a young lawyer of Elkhart, Ind., was Thursday sentenced to two years' imprisonment for horse stealing.

George Dixon defeated Johnny Murphy in thirty-nine rounds Thursday night at Providence, R. I., for the bantam weight championship of the world.

The bridge building shops of the St. Paul road at Racine were destroyed by fire Thursday.

Two Mexican sheep herders were murdered and mutilated by Indians near Silver City, N. M., Thursday.

Thursday the American Humane society at Nashville, Tenn., elected Edwin Lee Brown, of Chicago, president.

A Florida man, cutting a big cypress a few days ago, found therein a live alligator seven feet long.

A storm rivaling that of Oct. 23, 1878, is reported raging along the Atlantic coast.

It is reported that the Indians of the Indian territory are growing discontented over the occupancy of their lands by white men and that they are secretly plotting an outbreak under the leadership of a Messiah whom they expect daily.

Burglars entered the house of Jacob Williams, of Burlington, Iowa, while the family were asleep and chloroformed them and ransacked the house, obtaining many valuables.

A 2-year-old child is held by a boarding house keeper of Pittsburg for a board bill of $90.

The Martin rifle and two revolvers with which Rube Burrows blazed his way into the corridors of fame have been specially sought for exhibition at the southern exposition in Alabama next month, and the weapons will be there displayed.

Two shocks of earthquake were felt at Cape Girardeau, Mo., Thursday morning at 6:10.

The base ball magnates will as individuals, and not committees, try and settle the war.

The steel steamship Saginaw, built at West Bay City and taken to Buffalo, where she was cut in halves in order to enable her to pass through the Canadian canals, reached Montreal Thursday and will at once be put together again.

Allerton trotted a mile Thursday at Independence, Iowa, in 2:14, lowering his record 1½ seconds.

The sophomores of Rutgers college issued an edict that their boots must be blacked by the freshmen. The latter collected the foot gear and smeared the leather generously with green paint.

Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland, has started on a tour of the western counties, where he will investigate the condition of the potato crop.

George Johnson, an artist, and John Phillips, an art dealer, were arrested in London Friday, on the charge of conspiring to issue forged letters of credit on Drexel, Morgan & Co.

At Payson, Utah, Friday, John Bolton was found sitting on his horse dead. It is supposed his gun was accidentally discharged, blowing off half of his head.

A shortage of $30,000 has been discovered in the accounts of Albert W. Oxnard, treasurer of the Johnstown (Pa.) Lumber company, who has disappeared.

A medical journal declares that a healthy man will actually suffer more by the pricks of a pin than he would from the pains of dissolution in case he died a natural death.

After the marriage of Prince Adolph of Schamburg-Lippe and Princess Victoria of Prussia, sister of Emperor William, the couple will depart for Egypt and India, where they will spend their honeymoon.

R. G. Dun & Co. reports that business is good throughout the country.

The oldest man in the world is probably Osman, of Cavaliovitt, Turkey. He has lived 160 years, and has documents to prove it. He is an Arabian widower, and is supported by a small pension from the sultan.

Seven out of every eight loaves of bread eaten in London are made from foreign wheat.

James Stewart, while under the influence of liquor, was killed by falling between two freight cars at Salt Lake City Friday.

There is likely to be a serious falling off in the supply of gutta percha on the Malayan peninsula owing to the reckless destruction of the trees by the natives.

George L. Harris, a prominent real estate and mine broker of Denver, Colo., has been missing since Oct. 14, and fears are entertained that he has met with foul play. Some three months ago he shot at a man named Brown for insulting his wife, but failed to hit him.

Franklin File has obtained from a New York court permission to spell his name Fyles, the old Holland way of spelling it. He doesn't want to be called an "old file."

The workshops of the Wood Paving company in Paris were burned Friday. The loss is 2,000,000 francs.

Over $430,000 worth of curios, mostly bronze, porcelain and lacquered goods, were sold by Osaka, Japan, merchants directly to foreigners.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia is dying.

Julius Schwartzenburg, of Muskegon, Mich., was dangerously shot Sunday by his wife while the two were fooling with a revolver.

G. D. Baird walked a half mile in San Francisco in 2:54¾ Sunday, breaking the world's record.

An American was arrested in Constantinople charged with being implicated in the Armenian plots. He was released, his innocence being established. Mr. Hirsch, the American minister, has demanded satisfaction of the porte.

The country around Vicksburg, Miss., is flooded with excellent counterfeit silver dollars.

The orange crop in the south of Spain, Sicily and in southern Europe generally this year is a complete failure.

Three inches of snow fell near Saratoga, N. Y., Saturday morning. There was a fall of six inches in the Adirondacks.

At Tratton, Colo., a man got caught in his own bear traps and nearly starved to death before he was discovered and released.

A Russian lieutenant, 23 years old, has just completed a trip by bicycle from St. Petersburg to Paris inside of thirty days.

The latest statistics show that there are 71,287 lepers in Bengal, 13,944 in Madras, and 13,842 in Bombay.

Thomas Callahan, a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy fireman, fell off his engine near Rio, Ills., Sunday, and was run over and instantly killed.

In Pueblo, Colo., W. V. Preston was found dead in his bed at the Union hotel Sunday. A paper was found in his pocket stating that he had a brother in Vinton, Iowa.

It is stated that nearly 328,000 tons of unsold ice are stored in houses along the Kennebec river, Maine.

An artesian well in Dallas, Tex., yields 1,000,000 gallons of drinking water daily.

The fisheries division of the census received the following from a town in western Kansas: "We have no fish here, as we have not yet succeeded in finding a variety that could live on prairie grass."

A Brooklynite got $400 damages for being roughly ejected from a street car.

There has been on exhibition at the Memphis cotton exchange a bale of cotton picked in two hours by machinery. The work done is equivalent to that of fifteen men for the same time. The cotton is much cleaner than that picked by hand and will bring from ⅜ to ½ cent more per pound.

William Blaney was Saturday convicted at Baltimore of murder in the first degree. He killed his grandmother and his aunt some months ago.

In Paris out of the 2,700,000 residents it is calculated that 1 in 18, or 150,000, live on charity with a tendency toward crime. In London the proportion is 1 in 30.

From October, 1889, to October, 1890, 411 tons of ivory, at $5,000 per ton, have been sold in London. Half this amount came from Asia and half from Africa.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 1, 1890

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE ARCHBISHOP'S JUBILEE.

The silver jubilee of the consecration as bishop of the Most Rev. P. A. Feehan, Catholic Metropolitan of Chicago, was celebrated with great pomp, and amid fervid enthusiasm, on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. The Archbishop was consecrated bishop of Nashville, Tenn., on All Saints' Day, 1865. He became archbishop of Chicago in September, 1880.

Mgr. Patrick Augustus Feehan was born in the village of Springhill, county Tipperary, Ireland, in 1829, the year of the Catholic Emancipation bill, won by Daniel O'Connell, after a prolonged agitation, backed by the threat of Civil War, before which even the Iron Duke of Wellington quailed. The Feehan family were of prosperous farming stock, of the people, and with them, in all their movements for the benefit of Ireland. The future archbishop first went to school to a Mr. Walsh, who taught the young idea in the village of Kellenaule, under the shadow of the historic mountain of Slievenamon. Subsequently he became a student at the diocesan college of St. Patrick's, Thurles, where he greatly distinguished himself. He followed up his theological education in the famous cloisters of Maynooth, county Kildare, and chose America as the field of his spiritual labors, because to this country the great mass of his country people, driven out of Ireland by famine and persecution, turned their faces, as did the Israelites of old to the Promised Land. He soon found himself in the diocese of St. Louis, then presided over by the late Bishop Kendrick, in whom the young theological student found a warm and appreciative friend. Mr. Feehan was speedily appointed a preceptor in the Carondolet Seminary, and was finally ordained a priest in 1853, when he became pastor of the church of the Immaculate Conception in the city of St. Louis. As Father Feehan, the good priest was known and loved by the people of that city, until Nov. 1, 1865, when he succeeded Bishop Whelan in the diocese of Nashville. In that fair city of the South he enjoyed the popularity as a prelate that he previously did in St. Louis as a priest, and when, on the death of the lamented Bishop Foley, in 1879, he was transferred to Chicago, and became archbishop, Nashville deeply felt his loss, while rejoicing in his accession to even greater dignity in the church.

The archbishop's career in Chicago marks a most prosperous epoch in the annals of the Catholic church. Its constituency has grown enormously under his régime, and all Catholics, of every previous nationality, have been drawn together in bonds of love and fraternity. The archbishop, while cordial to people of all races and sincerely devoted to America and American institutions, has ever kept a warm spot in his large heart for Ireland and the Irish. He has never failed, on any proper occasion, to manifest his devotion to the cause of liberty and humanity in Ireland by liberal donations for the sustenance of her children and her cause. It can be said, without any approach to exaggeration, and without wishing to detract from the patriotism of other Catholic prelates, that the Archbishop of Chicago is the most truly national, in the Irish patriotic sense, of any American hierarch.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the people of his great spiritual charge, as well as those of outside communities, should have joined in doing the archbishop honor on the occasion of his silver jubilee. The religious services at the Cathedral; the civic demonstration in the streets, and the admirable exercises at the Auditorium bore overwhelming testimony to the affection and profound respect with which the people in general regard him. The insane ravings of a few narrow bigots, who are, themselves, the worst enemies of the republic of which they affect to be the especial champions, have no effect on the public mind as regards the merits of Archbishop Feehan. Transplanted Orangeism only succeeds in making itself ridiculous in this great and free country.

TO OUR READERS.

THE CITIZEN is obliged to go to press this week before the conclusion of the services in honor of the Most. Rev. Archbishop Feehan's silver jubilee. In the next issue it will give a full report of the proceedings.

BALFOUR'S BRAZEN LIES.

The innocent Mr. Balfour, alleged "Irish" secretary, has been of late "doing" the west of Ireland on a "jaunting car," protected, as a matter of course, by policemen in plain clothes. Mr. Balfour is very much more of a knave than a fool. He is what would be called in this country, "a smart rascal," with a wonderful faculty for perverting the truth. Mr. Balfour is, of course, doing his level best to whitewash his uncle Salisbury, and himself, for the benefit of Europe and America. He is not a difficult subject to interview. On the contrary, he "pans out," in that direction quite as well as the average American political leader of note. An enterprising correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* interviewed the smart rascal in Dublin last Saturday. Following is the gist of what Balfour gave utterance to:

"It is too early yet, until all the potatoes are taken from the ground, to say positively how much of the crop is a failure, but I suppose that in some districts two-thirds of it is ruined. This means, of course, poverty and distress, but nothing like the poverty and distress which have occurred on previous occasions. The people in West Ireland do not depend entirely upon the potato crop for food to the extent they used to. Many go to England and Scotland every year to work the harvest fields. They come back with about £8 each, saved from their earnings, with which they are able to buy Indian meal to live upon during the winter. In the most congested districts the average earnings are under £3, and for this the people are housed, get potato ground, feed on one or two pigs, pasture for a certain quantity of stock, and so forth."

"But is not the money brought home from the English harvests entirely absorbed by the landlords for rent?" asked the Tribune correspondent.

"Certainly not!" replied Balfour with emphasis. "When the Nationalists make such a statement as that they talk nonsense. Every man who goes home from our harvest fields takes with him enough to pay his rent three or four times over. By this I mean, of course, taking each year separately. If any tenant gets into arrears with rent one year he must expect to make it up the following year. I am told that it has been a good average harvest in England and Scotland this year, and that the Irish laborers have gone home with their usual earnings. If they spend this and pay the shopkeepers for food consumed on credit during the last year they can get more credit for the next year, so it practically amounts to the same thing.

"It is absurd," continued Balfour, "to talk about the government being responsible for this periodical recurrence of the potato blight. How can we control the weather or the crops? It is simply an unfortunate condition of things that any government must expect to meet. Under home rule the situation would be far more critical than it is now. There would be no excuse then for expending imperial moneys in building railways or other public works to give the people employment and to relieve the distress. Under home rule, the government would be obliged to do all this from its own treasury and the amount of work it could accomplish would depend entirely upon Ireland's capacity to borrow money. It could no longer bank or borrow on British credit but would have to pay exorbitant rates of interest. There is no way, so far as I can see, of permanently curing this periodical distress except by enlarging the holdings in the congested districts and expending money on public improvements which will be a permanent benefit to the country.

"In the Land Purchase bill, which I introduced last session, and which, with a few alterations as to detail, I expect to reintroduce next session, an attempt is made for the first time, so far as I know, by any government, to provide machinery for enlarging the holdings of tenants in the congested districts. In order to understand the full gravity of the problem presented by the congested districts it must be borne in mind that while over Ireland as a whole the population since the great famine of 1846 has diminished from over 8,000,000 to under 5,000,000, it has, in certain portions of the congested districts, greatly increased. In these parts of the country least capable of supporting an increase of population."

"To what do you attribute this?"

"I believe," said Balfour, "that it is mainly due to the action of certain priests who for one reason and another encourage early marriages in order that the number of their parish people shall not diminish. Another cause is the action of Nationalist agitators whose advice to the people in the congested districts is rather prompted by their ideas as to the political exigencies of the time than by any broad views as to remedies which should be applied to the existing social difficulties in Ireland."

How charming a picture Mr. Balfour draws of the blessings of Irish life under English rule, when he says that a returned Irish harvester, who has helped to enrich the English farmer, is enabled, by reason of his earning, to live on yellow meal and feed a couple of pigs! What an entrancing prospect for this and future generations of Irish farm laborers—yellow meal and a couple of pigs! It is enough to give any honest Irishman hog cholera to think of that prospect. As a matter of fact, the Irish farm laborer rarely ever tastes even the flesh of swine. The latter, if raised at all, go to pay "the rint." If the landlord imagined that the laborer could eat pig's flesh even once a year, "the rint" would go up immediately. It seems rather difficult to believe that any other hell than Ireland under English rule is reserved for even the most sinful of Irish laborers. Yellow meal, in color at least, bears a close resemblance to sulphur.

Then, how noble in philanthropist Balfour to suggest that the Irish laborer can rob Peter to pay Paul by living on credit one year and paying the shopkeeper the next! It is such an easy, and such an honest, method of financiering. But Balfour would not think of advising the Irish laborer to pay himself and the shopkeeper first and let the landlord wait. No Irishman, born and brought up in Ireland, needs to be told that Balfour lies like a horse thief when he says that the landlords do not absorb most of the earnings of the Irish harvesters. Not alone that, but they absorb most of the money sent from this country by affectionate Irish emigrants to "the old folks at home."

No Irishman is fool enough to attribute the potato blight to the direct influence of the English government. That body has not yet conquered the powers of nature, but all Irishmen know, to their bitter sorrow, that the potato blight would be only a bagatelle if the people were allowed to eat the fine fat cattle, and the "couple of pigs" which Mr. Balfour's government allows to go out of the country at the behest of the landlords every day in the year. The whole thing is absurd. The Irish question is merely used by the average English politician as a club wherewith to beat his opponents out of office in London and elsewhere.

Balfour's ridiculous "explanation" of the increase of population in "the congested districts" is too puerile for serious consideration. When the people cannot pay the rent asked for good land, they naturally take to the mountain and the bog, when they cannot emigrate to America or Australia. The most senseless people in the world would not try to cultivate a desert if fertile soil was at their disposal. Balfour's rap at the priests is intended to tickle the fancy of the Orangemen, who are ready to believe that the Catholic clergy are capable of pursuing any policy that will fill their pockets at the expense of the people. History, both ancient and modern, gives the lie to this vile slander, worthy of Johnstone of Ballykilbeg. Many of the Irish priests have often, owing to particular influences, been too loyal to the British empire; but none of them has ever been other than the friend and benefactor of his people in the hour of danger and distress, as many a bloody battlefield, and many a contagion cursed cabin nobly attest.

SCORRIBLE, IF AUTHENTIC.

It does not seem possible that the Irish aborigines of Achill island would so far degrade themselves as to do honor to the ruffian Balfour, in the manner described by cable. A priest is represented to have said that Balfour was Ireland's best friend! That certainly must be a false statement on the part of the cable man. The peasants of Achill must be a very low type of our countrymen if they could descend to the worship of such a wretch as Balfour. They must be dead to every feeling of honor and of patriotism. Let us hope that they are misrepresented. Let us hope that all manhood is not dead within them. If they are guilty, as charged by cable, they deserve the worst that England can afflict them with.

LET US HOPE THE REPORTS UNTRUE.

The report cabled to the daily American press from London that the Pope has counselled the Irish people of the United States not to aid Dillon and O'Brien in their mission to this country, seems to be a lie on the face of it. His Holiness knows the temper of Irish Americans too well to commit himself to such a policy. The Vatican's opposition to the Parnell Fund and the Plan of Campaign Fund only served to increase the subscriptions. If Pope Leo were to issue such a manifesto as that ascribed to him, the Irish visitors would surely derive benefit from it. No people are more devoted to the Pope, outside of politics, than the Irish Catholics. In the realm of politics, they regard him not as the head of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, but simply as an Italian potentate, who, in that relation, may view the affairs of Ireland from an ordinary foreign standpoint. THE CITIZEN does not believe that the Pope has issued the manifesto ascribed to him, but, if he has, the Irish-Americans will do what they believe best for the cause of justice and liberty in Ireland, as they have done hitherto.

It is also reported that the Irish hierarchy has issued a condemnation of the Plan of Campaign in Ireland. This would seem hardly credible, and yet, unfortunately for Ireland, it would be only repeating history. It is not improbable, as, indeed, has been admitted, that the Plan of Campaign and Boycotting have resulted in cases of great individual hardship, but the question is, does the Plan of Campaign do the greatest good for the greatest number? If it does, then it ought to be sustained at any cost. The opposition of the Catholic prelacy would, at this crisis, be extremely unfortunate, but O'Connell and other leaders had, at some period of their careers, to contend against it, and in the end, the prelacy ranged itself on their side. The Irish people have grown more thoughtful and independent than they used to be. They have learned the distinction between matters of faith and morals, and matters of politics. The contest between Bishop O'Dwyer and John Dillon in Limerick settled that much beyond peradventure. THE CITIZEN would be greatly pained should a conflict between the Catholic hierarchy and the Irish people be precipitated on any question, but particularly on a question of political action. It hopes that the cup may not be presented to the long suffering lips of Ireland, but if it is, as it is a purely secular matter, THE CITIZEN will stand, regardless of consequences, where it has always stood, on the side of the Irish people, against all comers.

THE HON. JOSEPH J. O'DONOHUE.

Among the distinguished visitors who came from a great distance to participate in the Most. Rev. Archbishop Feehan's silver jubilee exercises, was the Hon. Joseph J. O'Donohue, of New York, one of the best known men in America. Mr. O'Donohue has, for many years, stood among the foremost not alone of New York's but also of the world's merchants. He is a public spirited gentleman, a Democrat in politics, high in the councils of his party, but a man of such liberal scope that he has thousands of friends even among those who differ from him politically. M. O'Donohue is a strong personal friend of the illustrious Mgr. O'Connell, president of the Irish College at Rome, and his visits to the Eternal City, where he has always been received with the highest honor, have been frequent. Mr. O'Donohue is an enthusiast in all that concerns the interests of the Catholic church, and he has ever had a warm heart, and an open hand, for the cause of Ireland. He was, while in this city, the guest of his life long friend, Mr. William J. Quan, another Irish-American whose commercial genius and success have reflected credit on the land that gave him birth.

THE uncalled for abuse showered upon Mr. Michael McInerney by a leading Democratic organ has only served to unite his friends, of all parties, in his interest. Mr. McInerney has always been a good citizen, and good citizens appreciate him.

IRISH CATHOLIC NEWS.

VISITED ATHY.

The Most Rev. Dr. Dunne, archbishop of Brisbane, recently visited the convent and convent schools of Athy. His Grace, who is traveling in Ireland, had for many years past, since a number of nuns left Athy to take up their abode in his diocese, been anxious to see the town and the convent of which he heard so much, and upon this, his first visit to Ireland since, took the earliest opportunity of visiting that town. The archbishop was accompanied through the schools by the Rev. J. Doyle, P.P.; Rev. M. Carroll, Rev. J. Staples, and the Rev. Father Rowan. The bishop expressed himself highly pleased with all he had seen and heard.

CLERICAL CHANGES.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, has made the following changes in his diocese:

Rev. D. Shanahan, C.C., to St. Michael's; Rev. T. Lee, C.C., from St. Michael's to St. John's; Rev. M. Murphy, C.C., from St. John's to Monaguy; Rev. G. Clarson, C.C., to St. Mary's; Rev. E. Russell, C.C., from St. Mary's to Manister.

The Rev. Patrick Foley, P. P., Coachford, Cork, died on Oct. 7.

The Rev. T. O'Callaghan, C.C., has been transferred from Newmarket to Churchtown.

The "Peter's Pence" collection in the Meath diocese amounted to $9,000.

Miss Annie O'Neill, Banaha, Tipperary, was received into the Presentation Convent, Rathmore, county Kerry, recently.

The Rev. P. McKenna, P.P., Newtownards, and the Rev. John Eardly, C.C., recently opened the new Catholic schools in Bangor in the north of Ireland.

Local Catholic News.

A bazaar for the benefit of St. Sylvester's church began Oct 27.

On Nov. 3 a bazaar will be opened in the Holy Angels' church, at which Dr. Dillon-Egan will lecture.

An entertainment will be given by the Union Catholic Library Association Wednesday evening, Nov. 5. The Rev. Dr. McGovern, of Lockport, will deliver an address, and a musical programme will be given by the local artists.

The sodality lectures in the Holy Family Sodality Hall will begin next month, and will be under the direction of the Rev. Father Murphy, S.J. Among the distinguished speakers who have consented to lecture are the Rev. Dr. McGovern, of Lockport; the Rev. James M. Hagan, and the Rev. Walter H. Hill, S.J.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s Enterprise.

One of the best portraits of the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan ever issued was that sent out, to the number of 100 000, by the enterprising firm of H. R. Eagle & Co., No 68 Wabash avenue. The likeness is admirable, and the finishing is artistically done. The portrait was distributed, by the Eagle firm, free of charge, to the children of every Catholic school in Chicago and Cook county. No expense was spared in making the memorial picture all that could be desired.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine suits at reasonable prices; also for all organizations.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

AN IRISH OBSTRUCTIONIST.

Sergeant Bernie summoned James Byrne, nailer, Clonegal, for allowing his ass to wander on the street of Clonegal. The defendant's wife, Hetty Byrne, appeared, and said she had a field for the ass to graze in, but he was such a thief that he would break out, though he had nothing to get on the road. Sergeant Bernie said the ass was often on the street on Sundays, and was an obstruction to the people going to and coming from divine worship. Fined 1s., with 1s. costs.

AN ENGLISH NOTORIETY SEEKER.

Rev. N. Murphy, P. P., Kilmanagh Callan, says that "Sister Rose Gertrude", Miss Fowler, was never professed or received as a religious in any Catholic convent, and therefore has no title to be called Sister Rose Gertrude. She was never in the island of Molokai, in which there is a leper hospital under the care of well-trained and experienced Franciscan nuns. But she took up her quarters in a government secular leper hospital, about five miles from Honolulu, away from all religious ministrations. Her position has not the sanction of the ecclesiastical authorities of the Sandwich Islands, and could not be a success.

MISCELLANEOUS

On Oct. 7, Mr. Harrison, M. P., delivered a lecture under the auspices of the Dundalk Operative and Laborers' Friendly Society, on the subject: "Contrast between '98 and to-day."

Mr. T. De Moleyns, Q. C, chairman and county court judge for Kilkenny and Queen's county, has placed his resignation in the hands of the government.

An election of six town commissioners who retire by rotation, took place in Athlone with the following result—St. Mary's Ward—Mr. R. English, J. P.; Mr. T. Hynds, Mr. J. Hunt. St. Peter's Ward—Mr. D. O'Connell (chairman), Mr. J. J. Quen, Mr. W. Hannon were elected.

At Longford Daniel Egan was charged with having said, "To h— with Balfour." Witnesses for the defense denied these statements and the case was dismissed.

Messrs. Edward Morris, Patrick Lawler, John Clowry, Lawrence McCaul and Joseph O'Brien were elected town commissioners in Carlow. The defeated candidates were Messrs. M. O'Reilly, M. Dunn and James Moore.

Dr. Anthony Roche, 72 Harcourt street, Dublin, has been appointed professor of medical jurisprudence and hygiene in the Catholic University Medical School.

Dr. C. Hughes, late senior resident surgeon Jarvis street Hospital, has been appointed assistant master to the National Lying in Hospital.

At the Naas Quarter Sessions, before Dr. Darley, Q. C., Mr. Joseph Farrell, T. C., Newbridge, appealed against a decision of Messrs. Vessey, Fitzgerald and Furbes at Newbridge Petty Sessions, for selling drink, as alleged, contrary to law, on Sunday the 21st of September. His honor reversed the case.

Twenty-seven grave diggers in Glasnevin are on a strike.

Thomas Sherlock, Dublin, has been appointed president of the court of conciliation in succession to the late Ald. Dennehy.

James Dillon, the well known bill poster of Dublin, entered a lions cage during the auction of Bostock & Bailey's menagerie, and after drinking a glass of champagne within the cage, Mr. Dillon emerged, thus winning the bet that he had been made.

MUNSTER.

THEY CANNOT KEEP THEM FROM TALKING.

The public meeting arranged for Templetuohy, Tipperary, was proclaimed by the government. Large detachments of military and police were drafted into the place. A successful meeting was however held six miles from Templetuohy and two miles from Thurles, at which speeches were delivered by P. J. O'Brien, M. P., and several local clergymen.

PUBLIC MEETING IN SCARIFF.

A public meeting in connection with the impending distress was held in Scariff. Mr. Cox, M. P., was chairman, and the attendance included the priests of the surrounding parishes. A resolution was passed urging on the government the necessity for starting public works of a reproductive character, recommending for this purpose the Scariff river drainage and the building of a light railway from Ennis to Scariff, and calling on the government to advance £8,000 to commence the drainage work.

IN SARSFIELD'S MEMORY.

On Oct. 5 the bi-centenary of the siege of Limerick was celebrated in Limerick. F. A. O'Keefe, M. P., presided at the meeting. John Finucan, M. P., and P. O'Brien M. P., made speeches, and an ode to Sarsfield by Eugene Davis was read. There were no clergymen present.

THE NATIONALISTS IN THE SOUP.

Messrs. Gillane, Heelan and Breen who recently made themselves notorious as town commissioners in Tipperary, were defeated at the town commissioners' election held on the 15th inst. The successful candidates were Wm. Hurley, M. Dalton, Lawrence Hayes, E. Hogan and Daniel Kelly.

AN ALLEGED SHARPSHOOTER.

Martin Riordan, a respectable farmer and chairman of the Midleton board of guardians, was arrested at his residence at Ballyspillane, about two miles from Midleton, on a charge of having attacked the dwellinghouse of James Geary, farm servant in his employment, and made use of firearms with intent to shoot and do him grevious bodily harm. The prisoner was remanded without bail to Midleton petty sessions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The potato crop is a complete failure in most districts of the Clogheen Union.

Mr. O'Donogue, P.L.G., Killarney, Kerry, said it would make one shed tears to see the poor children of his district trying to use the potatoes for food.

At the annual election of five town commissioners in Fermoy, Michael McCarthy, James Quinlan, J. F. Lonergan, Wm. Egar and Edward Lennox were elected. The defeated candidates were John Shea and B. Maloney.

Edmond O'Laughlin, John O'Brien and Lawrence O'Laughlin, all National Leaguers, were elected town commissioners in Midleton.

The municipal elections in Queenstown resulted in the return of the five outgoing commissioners, viz.—Major Curry (unionist), Mr. Matthew Ambrose (conservative), and Messrs. John O'Sullivan, Nicholas English and William Meehan (nationalists) There were two other candidates, Wm. J. Fry (conservative), and Capt. Richard O'Sullivan (nationalist), ex chairman of the board, both of whom were defeated.

The Fermoy great horse fair was held on October 15th and was an undoubted success.

Michael Moher, Coolmohan, was charged before Removables Redmond and Hutchinson with having conspired with Jeremiah Quirke and others at Fermoy, to prevent one Thomas Hefferman from purchasing hogs from Daniel Sheehan. Mr. Mohr refused to give bail and was accommodated with five weeks' imprisonment with hard labor.

The Limerick races held on Oct. 9th and 10th were very successful.

R. H. Power, agent for the Duke of Devonshire at Lismore, was thrown out of his carriage and had his right knee dislocated.

At a meeting of the Waterford corporation, the mayor presiding, on the motion of Mr. Power, seconded by Mr. Higgins, T. C., a resolution was adopted condemning the brutal conduct of the government in Tipperary.

The seamen employed on the sailing vessels bringing coal to Waterford, have struck for an advance of wages from £3 10s. per month to £4. About half a dozen ships are lying deserted along the wharf.

Wm. Heifey and James Grant, charged with having murdered James McGrath, of Balimgarry Lower, Tipperary, were returned for trial to the assizes.

At Blarney, Thomas and Michael Sheehan were fined £5, or in default two months' imprisonment, for having circulated and posted intimidatory notices intended to compel Mr. Wm. Riordan, manager to Messrs Collins & Co., North Main street, Cork, to dismiss from his service two non-society bakers who continued to work by night.

Margaret Clehane, Tankardstown, Mitchelstown, was evicted by her landlord, Stephen Grehen, Banteer.

Miss Bridget O'Dwyer, Tipperary, was recently received into the Ursuline convent, Dartford, Kent.

Maurice Healy, father of T. M. Healy, M. P., and Maurice Healy, M. P., and clerk of the Lismore union, has resigned.

Rev. Bartholomew O'Connor, for many years parish priest of Mollitown, Kerry, died on Oct. 4 h, aged 92 years.

The local government board has threatened to take the management of Kilrush union out of the guardians' hands unless the financial condition of the union is remedied.

A man named Sullivan was stabbed by another man named Drummond at Knocknahylla, Cork. Sullivan is in a precarious condition.

A brass band is to be established in Cahirciveen.

M. Walsh, of the Docks, Limerick, gallantly rescued a man from drowning recently.

At the Killarney quarter sessions, Mr. Martin Conway (formerly of Killarney, now of Cork), sued Florence O'Donoghue, and his wife, Julia O'Donoghue, *alias* Fahy, for the sum of £15, for the trover of a gold watch, chain, and ring which the plaintiff alleged he gave to Mrs. O'Donoghue in trust for him, in August, 1881, before he went to America, and after they had been secretly married. Miss Fahy afterwards married O'Donoghue and denied ever having received the watch and chain. The court reserved its decision until he should have evidence as to the validity of the first marriage, and the case was accordingly allowed to stand for that purpose.

The Glanmire National League has refused membership to Canon Hegarty.

The Father Matthew demonstration in Cork was one of the finest ever witnessed in that city. The day was observed as a general holiday, and all creeds and classes united in doing honor to the great apostle of Temperance.

CONNACHT.

DISINTERMENT OF HUMAN REMAINS IN ROSCOMMON.

The people of Rookey, Roscommon, were thrown into a condition of intense excitement on account of the decision arrived at by the authorities to disinter the remains of a man named Patrick Sheeran, with the object of discovering whether he had, as alleged, met with foul play. Sheeran was an army pensioner, and lived with his wife in Rookey. On the 21st of last month he died rather suddenly, but as it was generally supposed that he was not a healthy man, having been discharged from the army before his time as unfit for further service, the neighbors regarded the occurrence without any concern beyond that attaching to an ordinary death. The police even investigated the matter, and no semblance of foul play was either visible or suggested. The sergeant of the district communicated with the coroner, and getting no reply he obtained an order from two justices of the peace, and the body was accordingly interred. However, after some wrangling on the part of the relatives of the deceased about his effects, District Inspector Walsh, of Strokestown, was informed that Sheeran had met with some violence which caused his death. Accordingly a coroner's inquest was ordered to be held, and when the people

of the district learned what was about to take place, they assembled in and around Kilgrass churchyard in large numbers. Coroner Burke and Dr. Dillon arrived later on at the place, and after consulting with District Inspector Walsh, a jury was sworn. The question regarding the opening of the grave then remained to be decided, but no one could be induced to volunteer the task, and eventually the police were obliged to perform the disagreeable duty. The raising of the coffin lid was a trying ordeal, and the subsequent sight which presented itself was one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Disinfectants required to be very liberally sprinkled before an examination of the body could be made, and when this was done, the coroner, jury, and others proceeded to an untenanted building convenient, owned by Mr. J. P. Maguire. A number of witnesses were here examined, including old Sheeran and his two daughters, Michael Wiggins, Sergeant Crogan, Rev. Father Meagher, and Dr. Dillon, and the following verdict was returned by the jury—"We find that the death of the late Patrick Sheeran was caused by natural causes, probably disease of the heart, at his own house at Rooskey on the 21st of September, 1890. We believe these proceedings were absolutely unnecessary, and that there was no cause for the allegation of foul play in connection with his death."

HIT BALFOUR'S "PUP."

Messrs. Leamy, M. P., and Mr. Peter M'Donald, M. P., members for county Sligo, are at present on a visit to their constituents. They visited Cliffony, Grange, and made extensive inquiries into the condition of the potato crop, which in that district has proved a failure. At Drumcliffe a large concourse of people assembled, and a torchlight procession in honor of the members took place. Whilst Mr. M'Donald was addressing the meeting, a local magistrate drove up, and being temporarily obstructed by the crowd became angry, and struck about him with a stick, one of the sufferers being the police reporter.

DEVILISH SLY.

A woman, the wife of a farmer who has taken evicted land, was recently groaned while traveling through the Castlerea district. Her husband traveled the same road a few days after with an ass and cart, the box of which was very neatly and carefully covered with a canvass, giving the unwary to understand that it contained fowl or bonhams, as is generally the case. However, the people suspected something, and one man was able to discern beneath the canvass the forms of human beings, whom he perceived were policemen. This proceeding was gone through with the object of getting up a prosecution if any person came into unfriendly contact with the farmer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. Patrick Mahaney, Patrick O'Keefe and James Clarke, retiring town commissioners in Boyle, were re-elected.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the square of Stokestown, for the purpose of impressing upon the government the necessity of doing something for the people of the district who are threatened with dire hardship on account of the failure of the crops, and to advocate the programme of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Contingents with bands and banners were present from all the surrounding districts, and many parts of the town were decorated with evergreens and banners, bearing patriotic mottoes. A spacious platform was erected in the square, and amongst those occupying positions on it were—Mr. J. J. O'Kelly, M. P.; Mr. L. P. Hayden, M. P.; Dr. Duffy, Rev. Eugene Whyte, P. P.; Rev. R. B. Coyne, C. C.; Rev. D. Caffrey, Messrs. Jas. Neary, T. Lennon, P. C. M'Dermott, Richard J. Lynch, T. Holden, James Mulheran (Belfast), Joseph Dowd (Boyle), etc. Three police shorthand writers were present.

John Hoban has been arrested at West Point for the alleged murder of his brother-in-law, John Brown.

Patrick Ryan, a porter on the Midland G. W. Ry. at Dromod, was stabbed by George Tiernan, son of police pensioner. Slight hopes are entertained for his recovery.

At Enniscrone, Mayo, a man named Hannon was fined £50, mitigated to one-fourth, for selling tobacco without a license.

A postman named Carroll was arrested in Sligo for the alleged appropriating of money letters entrusted to him for delivery.

Hugh Hanley, Bracna, Rohecommon, was evicted on Oct. 4th.

Thomas Nolan, Clodnagleerah, was found dead under suspicious circumstances on the road between Castlebar and Turlough on the 14th inst.

ULSTER.

BAIRD'S BAD BREAK

At Newtownards petty sessions, before Capt. Lestrange, R. M., and Mr. Andrew Menon, J.P., John Baird was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, with hard labor, for having used party expressions on the street.

BOUND TO WIN.

The polling for town commissioners in Newry resulted as follows: James Sinclair (Unionist), 236; John Renshaw (Unionist), 215; Edward Lamb (Nationalist), 211, Sinclair and Renshaw were declared duly elected. Mr. Lamb said that although the seat had been lost this time it could be won again. He returned thanks to those who loyally supported him.

HOLDING THEIR OWN IN NORTH FERMANAGH.

At the revision battle in North Fermanagh the Nationalists gained 8 votes in Belleek, 15 in Derrygonnelly, 14 in Kish, 6 in Irvinestown, 1 in Lisbellow, and 8 in Enniskillen—total 48. In Lack they lost 8, leaving a clear gain of 39 votes.

DRY IN SHANTONAGH.

At the Castleblayney (Monaghan) quarter sessions the application of Charles Mitchell, of Tullyrain, Shantonagh, for a publican's license was the cause of much excitement and interest. Mr. William Newell Carron, county court judge, presided, and no less than twenty-six magistrates attended to vote on the question. The vote of the court was then taken with the following result:

For granting the license—Messrs. B. C. Leslie, H. K. Leslie, Murphy, Waddell, Reade, O'Brien, Townsend, Martin, Gray, Crotty, and Primrose—11

Against—Messrs. McKeown, Tisdall, Fox, Taylor, Clarke, Haire-Foster, Kelly, Carson, Phelan, Bolton, Pringle, Parke, Fitzpatrick, Jackson, McCullogh, and the county court judge—16

The application was therefore refused by a majority of five votes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Capt. Thomas Herrick Howe, Belturbet, has been appointed a justice of the peace.

James McGarity, Omagh, who was shot recently by Hugh Keenan, Mount Field, has died.

An eccentric individual giving the name of Walter J. Arison, was arrested in Lurgan on the charge of attacking and annoying several merchants in that town. He was sent to jail for seven days.

The Newry Flour Mills, owned by Messrs Walker, were completely gutted by fire on Oct. 10 It will be two months before work is resumed.

At Falcarragh Kate Olphert and Kate McGinley, two young girls, and Ellen Gallagher, a married woman, were sent to jail for groaning at Mary Green and Peggy Roarty, of Ardsbeg.

Michael Magill met with a shocking death at one of the new salt mines near the village of Eden about a mile from Carrickfergus. The mine was recently opened by Charles Tennent & Co., Glasgow. One of the ropes that held the platform by which the men ascended from the mine broke with a jerk, the platform slanted, and Magill was hurled to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of fully 300 feet.

ACCIDENTS IN IRELAND.

Patrick Norris, a workman on the Cork & Queenstown line was accidentally killed on Oct. 6, on that road.

An old jarvey named Christy Kavanagh was found lying unconscious on the road near Mallow on the 5th ult. He was removed to the hospital, where he died after a few hours. The circumstances attending his death are somewhat mysterious.

A slater's laborer named Byrne fell from the roof of a house on which he was working, in Tullow street, Carlow. He was picked up insensible, and conveyed to the workhouse infirmary, where he now lies in a critical condition.

A shocking accident took place near Carrigaholt, in which a farmer named Michael Lynch was killed and two other farmers badly injured. It appears that they were returning from the Kilkee fair, where they sold some sheep, and the night being very dark they missed their way. The horse turned into a by-road and the car upset. The shaft went through Lynch's chest, killing him instantly. The deceased was about 70 years old.

A policeman, while riding a bicycle near Carlow, fell from his seat and was seriously injured in the jaw.

Mr. E. McDonald, of Ashtown, met with a serious accident at Ballinasloe fair. While in the act of riding a hunter he was about buying, the latter bolted through an archway towards his stable, and in doing so slipped upon the stones, injuring the rider. Mr. McDonald is progressing favorably.

An inquest was held at Crane, Enniscorthy, on the death of a woman named Bridget Breen, who was killed by a threshing machine. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

Mr. Poole, of Lismore, and his daughter, were attacked on the bridge by a lunatic named Kennealy. Mr Poole was knocked down and almost choked by Kennealy. Miss Poole repeatedly struck the lunatic on the head with a stick, but without effect. A passer by came to her assistance, and succeeded in forcing Kennealy to release his hold. Mr. Poole was not seriously injured. The lunatic has been confined in the workhouse.

On Oct. 8, near Dysart, midway between Maryborough and Stradbally, a van driver named Marty Keegan, in the employment of Anthony Pim, of Mountmellick, was killed through the horse which he was leading becoming restive, and suddenly starting off at a rapid pace. The deceased was walking by the horse's head at the time, and one of the shafts of the van struck him in the back penetrating the body, and causing injuries which terminated fatally a few hours subsequently. He was for a long time in Mr. Pim's service, was industrious, temperate, and well liked by his employer and his customers. Much sympathy is felt for his widow and family, who live in Mountmellick.

A sad accident occurred between Ennis and Clarecastle village, by which a tailor, a resident of Clarecastle, aged 65 years, lost his life. Deceased, whose name was Jerry Crowe, got a seat on the cart of John MacNamara. On the cart there were two other persons—a male and female—and when midway between Ennis and Clarecastle, from some cause or other the deceased fell or jumped off the cart, and when picked up was found to be unconscious, and died in a few minutes. No blame seems to be attachable to any person.

A scene was created Oct. 13 among the patients in one of the wards of Barrington's Hospital, Limerick. One of the patients became insane, and ran about the ward armed with a large knife with which he threatened the safety of the other inmates, who fled from the ward. After some trouble the lunatic was secured and removed to the asylum.

A serious stabbing affray took place in Kilworth, near Fermoy. Three men—Michael Geary, Eugene McCarthy, and Patrick Myles—were drinking at Daly's public house, when an altercation ensued in which a knife was used. McCarthy was stabbed eight or nine times in the throat, some of the wounds being of a dangerous character. Myles was arrested and lodged in Fermoy bridewell.

Mr. W. G Bassett, J.P., Limerick, took the depositions at Barrington's Hospital of a baker named Michael Carroll, who was on the first night of the races stabbed over the eye with a knife or other sharp instrument. Michael Parke, also a baker, has been arrested in connection with the charge.

WITH Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain or dread and with perfect safety. Try the remedy. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils, and gives relief with the first application. Price 50c.

IN AID OF ROSSA.

New York Irishmen Make a Strong Appeal for the Financial Sustenance of the Veteran Exile.

Subscribers are Not Asked to Indorse all the Views of the Irish Revolutionist.

[THE CITIZEN will say, in passing, that it is sorry an appeal to Irishmen for Rossa should be necessary. As it is necessary, it hopes that every Irishman who may read the appeal will subscribe according to his means.]

[*To the Editor.*]

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—*Dear Sir:* A committee of Irish Nationalists has been formed with the view of raising a testimonial to O'Donovan Rossa to mark the period of his enforced exile, and to give practical expression to their appreciation of his patriotism and undying hate of his country's enemy—England. Mr. Patrick Ford has opened the columns of the *Irish World* to the appeal of the committee to the Irish people, and has consented to publish weekly in the columns of that journal the subscriptions to the testimonial. Knowing your devotion to Ireland and sympathy with every honest effort made to restore our native land to her rightful place among the nations, the committee feel encouraged to request you to do in the West what Patrick Ford has done in the East, and to open the columns of THE CITIZEN to the testimonial, and to publish the appeal, of which we herewith send you a copy, as well as to give weekly the list of subscriptions which the treasurer will forward to you each week. We have the honor to remain on behalf of the general committee, yours sincerely,

EDWARD J ROWE,
JOSEPH P. KEELY,
E PILSWORTH ST CLAIR,
WILLIAM J. SWORDS,
THAD R. MULCAHY,
JOHN HOWARD,
JOHN CONDON,
JOHN J MORONEY,
JOHN D. O'BRIEN,
THOMAS BRENNAN,

ADDRESS OF THE COMMITTEE.

HEADQUARTERS OF ROSSA TESTIMONIAL COMMITTEE, HALCYON HALL, 537 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, August, 1890.—*To the Irish Race Everywhere, Greeting:* Long is the roll of the Irish patriot martyrs whose lives were gladly given for their beloved country, and whose deathless memories we are privileged to revere. The very mention of the names of those canturied dead sends the blood of the Irishman coursing madly through his veins, and makes him ardently wish that they were yet living so that he could do honor to himself by honoring them. When we read in history of the struggles for a precarious livelihood made by some of those patriots, and the evident coldness of their generation, we marvel greatly. In our own day the racked frame of John O'Mahony was not soothed with many luxuries as the Angel of Death hovered above his humble bed; but he had a magnificent funeral, and societies and individuals vied with each other in surrounding his corpse with flowers and the rich paraphernalia of the undertaker. John O'Mahony *existing* in poverty aroused no sympathetic chord, but John O'Mahony *dead* opened every Irish American's purse. Today there lives among us Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, an Irishman who has devoted his whole life to the cause of his country; who has sacrificed every material prospect of his own in her behalf; whose devotion and honesty of purpose have not been excelled by that of any patriot in our history; who has been an unwilling exile from his country for twenty years, because of the cruel sentence of the oppressor of our land. But he has never faltered; when in her strongest bastile, in the heart of England, surrounded by her most brutal criminals and lackeys, his every word and action were for Ireland, to the great physical discomfort of himself, who was nigh persecuted unto death. Republics are proverbially ungrateful. Shall we have it said that nations aspiring to the dignity of republics are equally ungrateful? No! we will show the world that a man who has devoted forty years of his life to promote the prospect of freedom to Ireland shall not be left dependent in his latter days. We propose to raise a fund sufficient to put O'Donovan Rossa beyond the pale of want and place him in the easy position which he would readily have attained had he forgotten that his country was oppressed and devoted his time and talents to the selfish accumulation of sordid wealth. Does he not now deserve a short vacation?

Rossa's term of enforced exile will expire on the first day of January, 1891. His heart yearns to bless his eyes with a sight of his native land once more. Shall we enable him to go back in such a position as will encourage the youth of Ireland to walk in the patriot's path? We say yes! and we want every Irishman to come forward and help us to do so. We do not ask any man to surrender his opinion as to the best means to free Ireland; nor do we ask any man to adopt or indorse O'Donovan Rossa's methods in that direction, we only ask you to contribute to enable a man to revisit his birthplace who has been forcibly expelled from the land of his fathers, and who we all know has been honest, earnest, and untiring in his efforts to free his native country from the yoke which every Irishman hates.

Signed: Edward J. Rowe, chairman; Jos. P. Keely, vice chairman; E P. St.Clair, corresponding and recording secretary; William Swords, financial secretary; John Howard, treasurer; John Condon, John J. Moroney, and John D. O'Brien, trustees.

All moneys should be sent and all checks and postoffice orders made payable to John Howard, Kenwood House, Bayard and Bowery, New York City.

Address E P. St Clair, P. O. Box 3605, New York City.

THE "No Name" paper in the October *Arena* on "The Postmaster General and the Censorship of Morals," has created great interest. It is a timely subject and appeals to the sober second thought of Americans of all political or religious creeds. The person who has received the most votes on its authorship, it is stated, is the Rev. Minot J. Savage, although Col Ingersoll, H. O Pentecost, Thaddeus B. Wakeman, H. H. Gardener, and W. H. H. Murray have each received votes. No correct votes have yet been received, according to the statement of the editor of the *Arena*. It will be remembered that the first person to send the correct guess on the authorship of the "No Name" paper in the *Arena* receives a year's subscription free. All who guess correctly receive the next issue free.

FATHER MATHEW.

1790-1890.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

THE CITIZEN greatly regrets that space will not permit it to give Mr. Davis' fine ode, which was read in the Cork Opera House on Oct. 10, in full.

The angel of Freedom hailed
One moment of glad surprise,
With a sweet smile on her face,
And joy in her sparkling eyes;
For oh, from the watching skies,
His soul in a blessed glow
Sped flown like a pillar of light
Through the wastes of our winter's night,
One hundred years ago;
To strike from the limbs of men
The fetters of sin and shame,
And bathe each soul
In the aureole
Of a new redeeming flame!
For a slavery worse than death
Was scorched by his fiery breath,
And his wise and wondrous lore
Made men of slaves once more;
And so
The Angel of Freedom kneeleth low
In grateful praise
To the Lord of days
For the child who was born
On an autumn morn,
One hundred years ago!
Humanity honors the priest
From its broad heart evermore;
For in days when the wolf was nearest
He stood at the poor man's door,
And watched like an angel o'er
Each wan and haggard face,
With a sweet, sad pitying grace,
Till the vultures of want that prey,
And the pangs of famine and dearth
Vanished like ghouls away,
And joy came back to the hearth;
And poverty and rags
Furled their tattered flags,
While peace and plenty poured
Their fruits on each humble board!
Oh, never was knight as he
Since the cycle of man began—
A host in the marshalled van
Of God's Humanity!

* * * * *

Ring—ring—ring!—
Let the joy bells proudly ring
A paean loud and long,
Alive with the spirit of deathless song,
For one who was mightier than a king—
Who wrote his honored name
In letters of gold—
Of gold untold,
With a pen of flame
On the brightest page of the Book of Fame!
Let his lessons, writ
On a magic scroll,
Be the gospel truths
Of each human soul,
Long, long, as time's broad tide doth roll!
Let the creed he taught,
And the good he wrought,
Be beacons to guide
O'er the stormy tide,
O'er the pitiless wastes of the troubled sea
The waifs and strays of humanity!
Till the people all in bounteous youth
And arrayed in a vesture new,
Baptised at the fountain of godly truth,
And blessed by the balm of heavenly dew,
Will gather and rest
Where the sky wears tints of an azure blue!
Yes! honor the priest for the gifts he gave—
Go guard his legacy,
And wreath green laurels round his grave
On the banks of the river Lee!
For never was man as he!—
With the soul of a saint, and a hero's might,
And the mind of a sage, and a heart of light
That shone like a planet broad and bright
O'er the land from sea to sea—
A light that is fated to soar and shine,
As long as God has altar or shrine,
On the fields of eternity!

RECENT IRISH MARRIAGES.

October 14th, William, youngest son of Palmer Notley, Esq., of Claris Newtown, Co. Langford, to Phebe, daughter of Wm. Denniston, Esq, of Drumeel, Co. Longford.

October 13th, John Toal, The Crescent, Dundalk, to Elizabeth Jessie, daughter of Wm. Reilly, clerk of petty sessions, Dundalk.

October 7th, Michael J. Killeen, Main street, Bray, to Julia, eldest daughter of the late John Murphy, Sligo.

October 9th, Peter Ryan, Clonagoose, Mullinahone, Tipperary, to Hanore Mary, youngest daughter of the late Cornelius O'Brien, Bishopswood, Dundrum, Tipperary.

September 30th, Edward Mooney, to Annie Agnes, daughter of the late John Todd, Omagh.

October 1st, Patrick J. Whitty, Waterford, to Mary Elizabeth Hazelton, of, Idrone terrace, Blackrock.

October 9th, Thomas Carney, Fintona, to Kate, daughter of Philip Campbell' Aghafad.

October 7th, Gerald S. M'Camphill, to Kate, only surviving daughter of the late Stephen M'Camphill, J. P., Ballymena.

BIG VERDICTS.

It is evident that Mr. Alexander Sullivan has not forgotten how to secure good, big verdicts for his clients. Last week's CITIZEN noticed a recovery of $5,000 by Mr. Sullivan against the city of Chicago for Mrs. Mary Lawler, who was injured by falling through a defective sidewalk on Deering street. And this week it sees that Mr. Sullivan in the case of Mrs. Nellie Keane, widow of Maurice Keane, against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, secured from a jury before Judge Clifford a verdict for $5 000—the highest sum which can be recovered in this State. Mr. Keane was killed in July, 1888, at the corner of Thirty-seventh street and Stewart avenue by the South Chicago accommodation train of the Pennsylvania road. A few more such verdicts would teach the railroads that the people still have some rights on the streets of Chicago. Mr. Sullivan has been much congratulated on his success.

H.R.EAGLE

Take Them Quick!

1-Knife Slaw-Cutters, each 15 cents | 2-Knife Slaw-Cutters, each 25 cents

A GOOD
Carpet Sweeper
—FOR—
79 Cents.

A GOOD
BREAD BOARD
FOR
9 CENTS.

16 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$1.00	5-lb Jar Jelly for	38 cts
Best XXX Soda Crackers, per lb	5 cts	Dried Lima Beans, per lb	3 cts
A 3-lb Can Solid Meat Tomatoes for	7 cts	Good Carolina Rice, per lb	5 cts
A 2-lb Can Sugar Corn for	8 cts	A 3-lb can Cal. Table Quinces for	12½ cts
A 3-lb Can California Greengage Plums for	12½ cts	A 3-lb Can California Asparagus for	10 cts
A 3-lb Can California Gold Drop Plums for	12½ cts	Epps' Cocoa, per tin	14 cts
A 3-lb Can California Egg Plums for	12½ cts	Imported Edam Cheese, each	59 cts
		Job Lot Smoking Tobacco, per lb	7 cts
		Lorillard's Fine Cut Tobacco, per lb	25 cts
		California Dried Peaches, per lb	8 cts

FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1 50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
3 lb cans C. Bros. Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	27c	3.10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Green Gages	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Apricots	21c	2 40
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans Grated Pineapples	15c	1 50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1 30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
3-lb cans Stringless Beans	10c	1 15
3-lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 60
3-lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1.70
2 lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1 25
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	8c	92
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2.00
Fine Small French Peas	15c	1 70
2 lb cans Mason Bros.' Corn	8c	95
2-lb cans Princess SugarCorn	9c	97
2 lb cans Tremain SugarCorn	9c	1.05
2 lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn	11c	1 25

This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.

FISH IN TINS.

1 lb cans California Salmon	9c	1.05
1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon	15c	1 65
1 lb cans Salmon Steaks	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters	21c	2 40
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	11c	1 20
2 lb cans Cove Oysters	17c	2 00
American Sardines in oil	5c	58
Mustard Sardines, large cans	10c	1 15
Imported Sardines, in oil	16c	1 85
1 lb cans Mackerel	10c	1 10

FLOUR.

Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour	5.58
Washburn's Superlative Patent	5.78
H. R. Eagle & Co.'s Best Minnesota Patent Flour	6.28

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour	5.18

SOAPS.

35 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	1.00
22 bars Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap	1.00
20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
20 bars Best Family Soap for	1.00
100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	5.00

TEAS---Japans.

BASKET-FIRED OR UNCOLORED.

A Good Japan, per lb 25 cents
A New Crop Japan, per lb 35 cents
A Fin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb 50 cents

Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb 25 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb 35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, lb 50 cents

Gunpowders.

A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb 25 cents
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb 35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb 50 cents

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.

Never Better.

Men's Clothing never better nor better looking than now. That's saying lots when we look back four years and think of the many, many handsome Suits and Overcoats we've prepared for you. The invitation to come and see is always extended. Cheviot and Cassimere Suits up to the times in every way excepting the price—and that we keep back as far as possible. $12 to to $20 the scale.

Overcoats—just what you want—$10 to $40.

Think of the protection there is for you in Cork Sole Shoes. Our price, $6.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

145 State Street.

Tailoring to order the best.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. October Term, A. D 1890 Clara B. Meader vs Nelson L. Meader. In Chancery. No. 85,336.

Notice is hereby given to the said Nelson L. Meader that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November A. D. 1890, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. November Term, 1890. To Jay C. Newman and to all whom it may concern:

Take Notice that Lewis Newman and Clara M. Newman have filed in said Probate Court a petition, praying for the appointment of Lewis Newman and Clara M. Newman, or some other fit person as conservators of Jay C. Newman, an insane or distracted person; the hearing of said petition will take place on the first day of the November term, A. D. 1890, on Monday, the 17th day of November A. D. 1890, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, at which time and place you are hereby notified to attend and show cause, if any you have or can show, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

THOMAS W. SENNOTT, Clerk.

Chicago, October 13, 1890

Wing, Stough, Carter & Qualey, Solicitors for petitioners.

A CATHOLIC OF GOOD HABITS AND fair education wanted in several sections of United States and Canada. Permanent employment and good pay to industrious person. References. BENZIGER BROTHERS, 30 & 32 Barclay-st., New York.

THE MYSTIC HOPE.

What is this mystic, wondrous hope in me,
That, when no star from out the darkness born
Gives promise of the coming of the morn;
When all life seems a pathless mystery
Through which tear blinded eyes no way can see;
When illness comes, and life grows most forlorn,
Still dares to laugh the last dread threat to scorn,
And proudly cries, Death is not, shall not be?
I wonder at myself! Tell me, O Death,
If that thou rul'st the earth; if "dust to dust"
Shall be the end of love and hope and strife,
From what rare land is blown this living breath
That shapes itself to whispers of strong trust,
And tells the lie—if 'tis a lie—of life?

—Minot J. Savage.

MY AUNT'S HOUSE.

We were very well off until our aunt, who wanted to do us an ill turn, died, and left us her house. Of course we were very pleased at first. It was a pretty, rambling place, with a low veranda quite covered with ivy and roses, and an old fashioned garden, with trim straight borders and neatly kept gravel paths.

There were three of us—Matthew, Jane and I. Matthew was a clerk in a bank when he was younger, but as our father had left us each a little sum of money when he died we persuaded Matthew to leave his work, for he had never been strong, and now that he was getting elderly we could not bear to see him coming back pale and tired from his desk in the evening. We were very happy together. We had a nice garden to our house, where Matthew spent most of his time, and though we lived in a small way it never occurred to us to wish for more. But now that this unexpected stroke of good fortune had befallen us we began to consult what we should do.

"I think we had better live in the house ourselves," said Jane. "Tenants are always a trouble, and it would be so nice to have that pretty place."

Jane is quite young—hardly more than 40—and it is necessary to check her when she is too forward in giving her opinion; but Matthew is always very lenient with her, and he said at once, "Yes, the garden would be very pleasant in the summer, and we should have no rent to pay."

I always have to think for them both, and I spoke up decidedly: "There could not be a more foolish idea. Live in it, indeed! What should we want with a great place like that for dust and mice to run riot in? We must let it of course, and the rent will make a nice little addition to our income!"

I am the eldest, and—I say it without pride—I have more common sense than both the others put together; therefore they generally fall in with my opinion, even though they may not altogether agree with me.

"Let us go and look at it," said Matthew, "and then we can decide what to do for the best."

My aunt's house stands about three miles out of the town, in a pleasant little hamlet; a branch line runs out past it, so that it would be a most convenient place for a gentleman of business.

It certainly looked very pretty on that summer afternoon, and I could almost echo Jane's wish that we should make it our home, but I knew better than to indulge such thoughts, and turned my mind to practical considerations. "Let us go over it," I said, "and see what repairs it will want."

"There is something wrong with the water pipes evidently," said Matthew, as he pointed to a large pool in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"Yes, they must be thoroughly looked to, of course, and I think the whole place must be painted and papered; it will never let while it looks so dingy as it does now."

"I must say the rooms are very small," said Jane. "Don't you think while the workmen are here they might knock down the partition and make a nice drawing room."

I generally snub Jane at once; it answers best in the end; but this remark had so much to justify it that I could not but listen to her, and Matthew took up the idea eagerly.

"Well done, Jane!" he said. "That would be a grand improvement; but if we throw that piece of the passage into the drawing room how shall we get round to the dining room?"

"We must make another passage," said Jane decisively.

"Yes, but we cannot make a passage without a place to make it in."

I had been silent so long only because I had been revolving something in my mind. "Listen to me a moment," I said. "We will carry out your idea, Jane, but with an addition. We will throw the passage into the drawing room and run up an outside corridor, with French windows opening into the sitting rooms."

"Capital!" they both exclaimed at once, and the matter was settled.

We agreed not to employ an architect, but to engage a working builder to carry out the plan under our own directions. It was a much pleasanter way of doing it; there was no estimate to frighten us, for we determined to take one thing at a time, and only go as far as we found it necessary. It was a constant amusement to go over to the house and see how things were getting on, and I think we both agreed with Matthew when he said, "Really, I shall be quite sorry when the work is done."

It was not so pleasant, however, when the bill came in. How it had mounted up so enormously we could not tell, but the sum total fairly staggered us. I undertook to write to the builder and demand an explanation, but when it came we could understand it less than the bill itself.

"I think we had better put it into a lawyer's hands," said Matthew.

To this, however, I would not give my consent. "We shall only lose more in the end," I said. "We must pay an installment now, and when we have let it we can pay the rest out of the rent."

"When we have let it!" The words passed into a household phrase before that longed for day arrived. We put an advertisement in several papers, and many people came to see it, but they all had some objection or other to make. Some thought it too big, some too small, some too far from the town, and some too near; some wanted more bedrooms, and some even disliked our delightful corridor.

"Very pretty! Oh, yes, very pretty indeed!" said one lady as we pointed it out to her; "but it is a perfect wilderness of cold draughts!"

We were silent; we could not deny it.

Matthew said something rather feebly about cocoanut matting, but the lady left without listening to him.

Things were getting very desperate when one day a gentleman called and said that he had heard that we had a house to let. Instantly we were all in the highest state of excitement. Jane and I flew to put on our bonnets, and Matthew reached down his hat and stick.

The gentleman told us that his name was Wilton; that he had seen our advertisement in the paper, and that he wanted a house some little way out of the town, as his children were not very strong.

"How many children have you?" inquired Matthew.

"Oh, several," replied Mr. Wilton. "Is this the house? It looks very pretty."

We had become so accustomed to hear the house found fault with that our hearts warmed to him at these words, and we parted mutually pleased, after showing him over the place. We heard from him in a day or two, accepting our terms. Our house was let! We could scarcely believe our good fortune.

We took an early opportunity of walking out in that direction, and paying a call on a friend who lived in a house not far from ours. The conversation soon turned upon our new tenants, and Miss Caxton's words confirmed our worst fears.

"I am so sorry you have got such a tribe of rampaging children into your house," she said. "I was going by the other day, and heard a great noise, and there were two boys crawling over the roof of the corridor. Their mother was leaning out of the window trying to reach them with a broom, and as one of them got away from her he put his foot through the glass. You never heard such a set out as they made in your life."

Our hearts sank to zero. The Wiltons had taken the house by the year, and we did not see how to get rid of them at a moment's notice; yet before six months—much more a year—had elapsed our poor house would be a ruin, and our garden a wilderness. It was not altogether with disappointment, therefore, that in a few months' time we heard that Mr. Wilton had decided to leave the neighborhood, and would be much obliged if we would release him from our agreement.

We gladly consented, though with a little outward show of reluctance. But we could not quite understand why the Wiltons were so eager to be off. They had had the house remarkably cheap, considering their requirements, and it seemed ungrateful, to say the least.

They were no sooner gone, however, than we found out the cause of their haste. Our house was a wreck. The term may seem a strong one, but it is not too strong for the truth. Both paper and paint were practically gone, tiles off the roof, windows broken, pipes out of order—everything was a ruin where once all had been so neat and beautiful.

We watched the builders at work this time with very different feelings. There was no pleasure in it now, and though the bill was not so heavy as it had been before it made no difference, for there were no funds to meet it.

What was to be done? Matthew suggested that we should sell out some of our capital, but that was clearly impossible, for we should then have little left to live upon. It was a difficult point, but as usual I hit upon a solution. We would mortgage the house! Matthew did not altogether like the plan, but, as he had no better one to propose, I carried the day. The house was mortgaged, and both bills paid off.

Months passed away, and still the house remained unlet. One gentleman was very much inclined to take it, but there was no coach house, and though we were sorely tempted to build one we dreaded bricks and mortar too much to venture, unless he would have taken the house for at least seven years. A widow lady offered to take it if we would let her have it free for the first two years, and we were rather sorry afterward that we had not closed with the proposal, for there seemed no chance of anything else turning up. Meanwhile we had to reduce our expenses daily to meet the drain of the interest.

"The next thing will be that we shall not be able to pay our debts," said Matthew gloomily, but it is always the darkest hour before the dawn, and only a few days after he made the remark we had an offer that bade fair to remove our difficulties. A gentleman and his wife came down to stay at an hotel in the town and look about for a house. Directly I heard of it I got Matthew to go with me to call upon them, for I felt that such an opportunity might not occur again. Mr. and Mrs. De Courcy were most pleasant people; one could see at once that they had been accustomed to move in the very best society; there was an ease and grace about them that contrasted pleasantly with our local manners. They received us most kindly and made an appointment to see the house.

"I can hardly hope that they will take it," I said, as we walked home; but contrary to my expectations they were enchanted with it, and fell in with all our wishes with the most surprising readiness. I did not wish to say anything about a repairing lease, for I was afraid they might not like it, but Matthew had been so alarmed by our previous adventure that he insisted upon it.

Mr. De Courcy was most gentlemanly, I must say. "I should have proposed it myself if you had not thought of it," he said, with one of those bows of his that made me feel that my bonnet was very shabby and that there was a darned place in my Sunday shawl.

Such politeness required a like return, and when he asked us if it would make any difference if he paid the rent yearly instead of quarterly, as it would be a good deal more convenient to him, we could only reply that it would make no difference at all.

"It will be awkward, all the same," said Matthew to me afterward. "We have had to go into debt already, and if we are to get no rent for a year we shall have to go in deeper still."

"I know that, but what could we do? We might have lost them altogether if we had refused, and with such excellent references our money is safe enough."

When a thing is done there is no use in discussing it; we had got our tenants, and I think we were glad to get them at any price. No people could have been more pleasant than they were; they made no difficulties about anything, and were always friendly and cordial whenever we saw them. Again and again we congratulated ourselves on our good fortune.

We were very glad all the same when the year drew to a close, for of course we had been obliged to pay the interest as usual, and as we had only our regular income with which to meet it we had gone into debt on all sides.

"The year will be up in a fortnight now," I said, when Matthew was groaning one day over our unpaid bills.

The next day was fine and bright, and I proposed that we should go out and call upon our tenants. We thoroughly enjoyed our walk; the pleasantness of the day, added to the near prospect of relief from our difficulties, raised all our spirits, and we chatted gayly along the road until the house came in sight.

"I think they might keep curtains in the windows," said Jane as we reached the gate.

"Nonsense, Jane!" I replied sharply. "You are always finding fault about something or other; no doubt it is the latest fashion to have no curtains."

"The house does look rather odd, though," said Matthew; "in fact"— He broke off suddenly, and quickening his pace went up to the dining room window and looked in. Jane and I followed, and pressed our faces against the glass.

The room was bare!

Not a stitch of furniture was left; carpets, curtains, all were gone. Jane burst into tears.

"Jane, how stupid you are!" I exclaimed angrily, but more because of the growing dread at my heart than that I really thought her stupid. "Of course they are house cleaning."

Matthew said nothing. He went up and tried the door; it was open, and we rushed in. The empty rooms echoed to the sound of our feet; the bare walls seemed to mock our misery; our tenants had run away, and we were ruined!

Whatever Matthew's faults are I must admit that there are sparks of nobility in his nature. When we had proved beyond a doubt that our fears were correct his first words were, "Now we must think how to meet our creditors."

"Matthew," I cried, in a sudden burst of remorse, "it has all been my fault. Oh, I wish we had never had the house at all; but you shall do just what you think best now."

"Very well," said Matthew, "we will sell the house and pay off the mortgage, and then we will see how we stand with the world."

I felt it was right, and I said not a word to hinder him, but it was not the affair of a moment; nor when the house was sold at last were we in any better position than we were before; for in addition to the back debts which still had to be paid there were the legal expenses.

I was not at all surprised to see streaks of gray in my hair, nor to notice how many new lines had appeared on Matthew's forehead. As for Jane she cried all day, which only made me cross. I could see no way out of our troubles, and I did not even try to advise Matthew. The sky was so dark and gloomy that it seemed impossible for any light to appear.

"I suppose we shall have to go through the bankruptcy court?" said I bitterly one day.

"No," said Matthew; "there is another way, and I want to consult you about it. If we sell off some of our capital we can pay off all of our debts."

"But how shall we live?" I exclaimed.

"We must take a little cottage and keep no servants, and I must try to find some work as a copying clerk. I am afraid that is all I am good for now."

"Matthew! You a copying clerk again? I cannot let you do it."

"There is no other way," said Matthew cheerfully, "and so we must make the best of it."

I said no more; no, not even when I found that after all our debts had been paid we should not have enough to live on, unless Jane and I found some employment. I knew that Matthew was right, and that it was the only honorable thing left for us to do. Jane has gone out as companion to an old lady, and I take in needlework and keep our tiny cottage in order for Matthew and myself.

We are not quite unhappy, in spite of all our troubles, but we feel the break up of our home keenly, and when I see Matthew come in, worn out and weary from his scantily paid labor, and think of the happiness he used to enjoy as he went about helping those in poverty and distress, I feel that the best wish I can bestow on any one who has an aunt is that if she should die she may not leave them her house.—M. B. Wheting in Boston True Flag.

Origin of Time Measure.

The division of the day into twenty-four hours originated with the Egyptians, then passed to Babylon and Greece. Why divided into twenty-four instead of some other number of hours it is impossible to say. The Chinese reckon twelve hours to the day and night—evidently making their hour to correspond with the time of the apparent passage of the sun over one of the twelve zodiacal signs.—St. Louis Republic.

An unprincipled French girl deliberately appropriated seven of Whittier's poems, which she translated into her own language and caused them to be printed as her own in Paris papers and magazines. When the fraud was discovered by an American she boldly declared that Whittier had stolen the poems from her.

A LITTLE ISLAND COLONY.

Fifty White Folks Who Live on a Lofty Rock Just Big Enough for Them.

A few months ago the handful of people who live on Pitcairn island celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the landing of their fathers on that little rock. The world is always glad to hear of the prosperity of this people, and several other little communities inhabiting the smallest specks of land in the ocean also excite much interest.

There is one island, however, of which we seldom hear. It is Lord Howe island, the home of fifty or sixty white people, about 600 miles northeast of New South Wales. Years ago two or three families from New Zealand thought they would seek a new home.

They had heard of the profuse vegetation on this crescent shaped little island, and decided that they would build new homes there. So they went to Lord Howe island, which is only six miles long and about a mile wide, and rises precipitously from the sea to a height of nearly 3,000 feet at nearly every point. They built their huts, tilled the land, and after a while two or three other families joined them. Some of these original settlers are still living, but most of the residents are their descendants.

The island is under the government of New Zealand, and once a year it is visited by a magistrate, who settles all little disputes. It is a very easy task, for there are seldom any differences among the people. Like Pitcairn and other little island communities, they have never found it necessary to build a jail.

There were none of the higher mammals on the islands when they went there, but now there are quite a number of goats, swine and cats, which, having escaped from domesticity, have lived in the woods so long that they have become quite wild. While some of the men engage in tilling their gardens others are out fishing. A great many edible fish are caught there, and the people find it very easy to live in comfort without a large amount of labor.

They say they have not the slightest desire to return to larger communities. They do not encourage immigration because they think they and their children will need all of the 3,220 acres of the island. Sometimes a sailor from a passing ship spends a little while in the community, and has been known to carry away one of the daughters as his wife, but most of the people are born, live and die there.

They cannot travel more than a few hundred rods without seeing the sea, and of course they come to know every inch of their little world. Once or twice a year a vessel comes to them with a large variety of supplies, and they purchase with their corpa and other products the goods they need for the ensuing year. At the same time their libraries are replenished with new books, a large lot of newspapers come to their homes, and it takes them a good while to read of all that has happened in the busy world since they last heard of it.—New York Sun.

Loose the Bands of Thy Neck.

My mother used to tell a story of a curate in a Norfolk parish, where the rector was non-resident. One Sunday, just as the curate had entered the reading desk, the rector came into the church, and sent him a note to the effect that he wished to preach, but had forgotten to bring his bands. This appendage to the clerical wardrobe was quite indispensable in those days, and the only way in which the curate could help him out of the difficulty was to untie his own bands and hand them up into the three decker as soon as the rector mounted.

But when the time came, as ill luck would have it, the string of the bands got into a knot, and by one of those unaccountable coincidences that sometimes occur the singers in the gallery struck up the anthem "Loose the bands of thy neck, thou captive daughter of Zion," and as they repeated the words over and over again, and one part echoed another, "Loose the bands of thy neck—loose the bands—loose the bands," the hapless curate became more baffled in his hopeless endeavors to untie the knotted strings, and in his nervousness supposed the anthem to be directed to him. I do not remember how it ended, but probably the amusement it caused afterward may have more than compensated for the annoyance of the time.—Cornhill Magazine.

Ready Made Clothing.

I am sometimes amazed in passing the great ready made clothing establishments of Boston to note how differently they are regarded than formerly. It was less than a generation ago that they were patronized almost exclusively by workingmen, mechanics and farmers, who desired rough, cheaply made clothing. Merchants, bankers, professional men invariably left their measure with their tailors, and scorned what was familiarly termed "slop made" clothing. But a demand arose for fine grades of ready made clothing, and the alert American manufacturer was ready to meet the demand.

The demands of the customer were exacting, and to reach his high standard of excellence scientific methods were employed and competent designers. It was the old story of the relative cost of making one coat or of making 500. But there were men of peculiar shape who heretofore had been able to become fitted only by the custom tailor. He was too tall or too fat to be fitted from the ready made stock of the olden time. This difficulty was soon met and overcome until to-day, although the custom tailor has by no means disappeared, the ready made dealer has for his customers that class of men who once scorned him.—Boston Advertiser.

No Use for Any of Them.

"It's funny, isn't it?" he said to his companion, as they were riding up town on the elevated road.

"What's funny?"

"That there are two thousand seven hundred and fifty languages in the world, and not one of them is good enough for that brakeman."—Puck.

Yes! Grand-Pa, I'm a soldier and your my pris'ner here,
But I'm not going to hurt you, so you need have no fear.
Just sit and take it easy, you are not scared I hope,
Only you must surrender, to
General SANTA CLAUS SOAP.
We found it out on the Golden Line, it takes all Summer. S.C. SOAP Cards.
FAIRBANK'S SANTA CLAUS SOAP
FOR LAUNDRY USE.
MADE ONLY BY
N.K. FAIRBANK & Co. CHICAGO.
FOR HOUSEHOLD USE.

Sharp Diamond Smugglers.

We are informed that a jewelry firm not far from Madison square, on Broadway, succeeded in getting a number of diamonds past the customs officials in a peculiar way.

The diamonds numbered between eighty and ninety, and were worth in the vicinity of $12,000, as they were all large stones.

On the invoice they were billed as imitation French jewels of the new kind. These diamonds are made of brilliant pieces of glass highly polished and deftly covered with a thin coating of genuine diamond shavings. These stones are so expertly made that it is almost impossible to detect the imitation even by the use of a strong microscope. The tell-tale feature of the imitation stone is a roughness around the circular edge at the widest part of the stone, where the two layers of the diamond coating join.

This is really the only way that the imitation can be detected. Emeralds, pearls and rubies are also made in this way. It is necessary to use a microscope to detect this roughness about the edge.

When the consignment of supposed imitation diamonds arrived the assistant appraiser assigned to gauge their value examined each stone carefully with a powerful microscope, and found that all of them had the tell tale roughness on the edges. He accordingly allowed them to be delivered to the consignees on payment of the duty based upon a valuation of $600. This saved the firm some $1,200 in duty.

As a matter of fact the jewelers knew the means taken by the custom house authorities to discover if the stones were imitation or not, and had filed the edges of the diamonds before shipment from the other side, so that they resembled the spurious articles.—Jewelers' Catalogue.

What "Burgoo" Is.

"Burgoo," explained Col. James Orr, of Covington, "is one of the oldest Kentucky dishes we have. No one knows who first made 'burgoo,' nor does any one know where or how it got its queer name. 'Burgoo' is an out of doors creation, and pots of 'burgoo' have simmered over a hot fire in the sun at every big political gathering in the state since Henry Clay was a boy, and years before that, too. It is not only an extremely palatable dish, if you can call it that, but it's very nourishing. 'Burgoo' is a cross between a stew and a soup. It is always made in the open air.

"How is it made? Well, I take a big cauldron, put some red pepper pods in the bottom, add some potatoes, tomatoes and corn; then put in half a dozen prairie chickens, as many more tender 'yellow legs' and a couple of dozen soft shell crabs. I add some young squirrels when they can be obtained. When everything is in readiness there is enough water put into the cauldron to just make the contents float.

"Then it is put on the fire. It must be allowed to simmer slowly for six hours, and must be stirred constantly with a hickory stick. A hickory stick is best and is always used, but another might do as well. When it is nearly done it may be flavored to suit the taste. It is 'done' when the meats are thoroughly shredded, not before. When it is done—um!" and Col. Orr's eyes sparkled at the prospect.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

An Octogenarian Up a Spire.

A venerable athlete of Leyweller, who is known throughout Lothringen and the Erckmann-Chatrian country as "Old Vetter Michel," made a wonderful exhibition of his undiminished prowess one day. Although he has passed his eightieth year, the lively old gentleman actually climbed to the top of the spire of the parish church of Saar-Alben, which is 133 feet high. There he stayed some minutes, turning the weathercock round and round, and performing a few other gymnastic feats. He then came down again as quietly and composedly as he had ascended, amid the cheering of the crowd of admirers. The athletic world will surely acknowledge "Vetter Michel" to be the champion grand old man of the profession, although less sympathetic critics will probably say that there is no fool like an old fool.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Color of Natural Wool.

There are certain fallacies abroad concerning the proper color of natural wool, and of natural silk, too, for that matter, so that a furnisher is very often compelled to keep his "natural" wool underwear of a decidedly gray color, and his "natural" silk ditto of a rich salmon pink, which he furthermore is expected to verify as being the natural color of the undyed thread. Now many a long hour's soak in the dye tub do both silk and wool undergo to acquire the "natural" color demanded by the public, and the customer is now so used to the deception which his persistently false notion compels the manufacturer to practice that he would not believe the real undyed fabric to be genuine if he saw it.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Big Bargain.

The new girl stood behind the counter in a South End bake shop. A young man walked briskly up and laid down two cents, with the words, "Two kisses." Doubtless he would have been satisfied with two of the white sugar and egg structures in the showcase, but the new clerk, who was brought up in Thompsonville, climbed upon a stool and pursed her red lips so temptingly that the customer got an extraordinary bargain—four kisses for two cents.—Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

Ice Cold Tea Not Injurious.

Ice cold tea, according to Dr. G. W. Barr, soon loses all the physiological action of theine. A man of nervous temperament, who was kept awake all night by a single cup of hot tea, could drink a half gallon of iced tea during the evening, and sleep soundly at his usual time of retiring. To avoid excess of tannin the tea should be strained before being allowed to stand.—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Pennsylvania's President.

Down at Cape May I met President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania railroad. Here was a man who had started out twenty or thirty years ago as a track hand, and who had come up through the mechanical and the executive branches of the business to be the president of the greatest railway in the world. His salaries—for he has several as president of the three or four corporations which are in the Pennsylvania system—aggregate $100,000 a year. Mr. Roberts shows the effect of his early training in the strong love which he has for the details of railroading.—Cor. Harrisburg Telegraph.

On Associating with the Rich.

To associate with the rich seems pleasant and profitable. They are apt to be agreeable and well informed, and it is good to play with them and enjoy the usufruct of all their pleasant apparatus; but of course you can neither hope nor wish to get anything for nothing. Of the cost of the practice the expenditure of time still seems to be the item that is most serious. It takes a great deal of time to cultivate the rich successfully.

If they are working people their time is so much more valuable than yours that when you visit with them it is apt to be your time that is sacrificed. If they are not working people it is worse yet. Their special outings, when they want your company, always come when you cannot get away from work, except at some great sacrifice, which, under the stress of temptation, you are too apt to make. Their pleasuring is on so large a scale that you cannot make it fit your times or necessities.

You can't go yachting for half a day, nor will $50 take you far on the way to shoot big game in Manitoba. You simply cannot play with them when they play, because you cannot reach; and when they work you cannot play with them, because their time then is worth so much a minute that you cannot bear to waste it. And you cannot play with them when you are working yourself and they are inactively at leisure, because cheap as your time is you can't spare it.—Scribner's.

Men Instead of Horses.

Probably no better leg development is shown among any people in the world than that of the Japanese jinrikisha men. The jinrikisha is a mammoth two wheeled baby carriage, with a pair of shafts fastened to it. It has a cover, and the passenger leans back at his ease, while the jinrikisha man pulls him at the rate of from five to eight miles an hour through the city or across the country. These men are paid ten cents an hour, or fifty cents a day, and they can make long distances at a speed equal to that of the average horse. They run all day without tiring, and instances have been known of their making seventy miles in twelve hours.

There are 80,000 of them in Tokio alone, and there are perhaps half a million in Japan. During the summer they wear little else than the breech clout when running along the country roads, and the hot sun of Japan turns their Jersey cream skins to a rich mahogany, and brings out the perspiration in drops of diamond sweat upon their backs. Their arms are also well developed, and they are, as a rule, a profession of athletes.—Frank G. Carpenter in New York Ledger.

A MODEL FLIRTATION.

A RAILROAD EPISODE THAT ENDED PLEASANTLY FOR ALL.

A Writer Tells of One of the Happiest Traveling Experiences of His Life—A Demure Little Miss Captivates Him with Her Ingenuousness.

I believe some flirtations do a man positive good. The same may possibly be said of a woman, but being a man myself I am not so sure about it.

I was recently returning to Kansas City from an eastern trip. I had traveled two nights and a day, and my journey had been uneventful and tedious enough. I was in a particularly susceptible mood, I think, and perhaps too ready for any diversion that promised to make the last day of my journey a pleasant one.

It was at Roodhouse, Ills., I think, that a young lady of striking beauty entered our car. Almost every available seat was occupied. She came more than half the distance of the car and stopped opposite to me. I removed a package from the seat I was occupying and offered her a place beside me, which she at once accepted.

As she sat down I had a good opportunity to note her appearance. She was rather small and evidently quite young, though she had a manner and an expression of face that indicated knowledge and culture beyond her apparent years. She was exceedingly attractive. She had an open, ingenuous manner, an innocent soul that spoke unmistakably through her dreamy blue eyes, and the prettiest of red lips. Her hair was golden and her complexion was perfect, and she presented a picture that almost fascinated me.

UNCONSCIOUS FAMILIARITY.

I cannot remember now how we became acquainted. I do not even remember the first words spoken. I only remember that we were soon engaged in an interesting conversation without any feeling of restraint or embarrassment. On my part, at least, it was one of those rare meetings where the stranger seemed more like an old friend than a new acquaintance. She asked me many questions, which I answered to the best of my knowledge, and in turn I plied her with interrogatories on many different subjects; for, while there was nothing strikingly brilliant in her replies, she had a style of expression and other individual characteristics of speech that made me want to hear her talk continuously, and then she had an innocent and yet appealing look that enhanced the interest tenfold.

We must have shown our sudden liking for each other, and yet no one seemed to take any heed of us, even though we were in a railway car, where people have little employment other than to watch each other or to fall asleep.

We became better acquainted and more interested in each other. As the young lady grew enthusiastic over a scene we were passing she laid her hand, which I saw was lily white and dainty, on my arm, nor did she seem conscious of the act.

Some time afterward, in an animated conversation, she leaned toward me until her face was near to mine, and after a moment I discovered that her arm was lying on my shoulders, though I could not remember when she placed it there. And what may seem stranger still is that neither of us seemed at the time to think that our conduct might be improper or that any one would take special notice of it.

There are some people who can express more mischief in a look than others could possibly put into a caress. I have already said enough to show that I thought no less of this young lady on account of her conduct, which I saw was the outgrowth of innocence. On the contrary, I was charmed by it.

SHE KISSED HIM AT PARTING.

I learned with much pleasure that my new acquaintance would not leave the car until we reached Odessa, which was only an hour's ride from my own destination. Instead of longing for the end to come I found myself consulting the time table frequently and counting the distance to Odessa, begrudging each mile the engine made. I had no other motive than to make the most of this acquaintance during the few hours to which it was necessarily limited. I did not even learn the young lady's full name. Incidentally I learned that her Christian name was Mabel, though I remember now having heard her speak of herself as Mame.

That this unexpected meeting made a great impression on us both you will better understand when I describe our parting. On reaching Odessa I accompanied her to the platform, where I assured her of my feeling of obligation for such a happy day. She seemed equally grateful to me. As the bell rung for the train to start I turned to say good-by, when to my surprise she put her arms about my neck and kissed me. The action was as innocent and, despite its irregularity, as modest as if I had been a brother. There was not a sign of a blush, and not a word was spoken. Somehow I felt no embarrassment on account of what had happened. As I stepped on the moving train I felt that while we should probably never meet again our acquaintance had been a great pleasure and a refining benefit to me.

I do not think that flirtation in general should be encouraged. I am sure of it. Just what effect such a meeting and such a proceeding as I have described might have on girls of different ages and temperaments I will not attempt to say. But in this instance I am sure I did no harm. There is not the slightest tinge of conscience as I remember the trustful, innocent expression in those dreamy blue eyes as the fair maiden kissed me good-by. The time will doubtless come when she would treat me differently under the same circumstances. Her years alone plead strongly in excuse of what I have related. I learned from her parents, who, by the way, accompanied her, that she is now 2½ years old.—Chicago Times.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system. Mercury, in some form, is a common specific for a sluggish liver; but a far safer and more effective medicine is

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For loss of appetite, bilious troubles, constipation, indigestion, and sick headache, these Pills are unsurpassed.

"For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar region and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, including warm baths, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of Ayer's Pills, and my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this medicine."—Manoel Jorge Pereira, Porto, Portugal.

"For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most effective medicine I ever used."—R. K. James, Dorchester, Mass.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more effective than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"I have found in Ayer's Pills, an invaluable remedy for constipation, billousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to miasmatic localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these Pills

Act Well

on the liver, restoring its natural powers, and aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons."—C. F. Alston, Quitman, Texas.

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"In 1858, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for billousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."—H. W. Hersh, Judsonia, Ark.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C F. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 176 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Bsullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2516 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C F. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 35 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C F; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C F. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 233 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Uhlel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; D C Cooney, R S, 353 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C F. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 45, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Kielly, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Deailauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devitt, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C F. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sensen, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H O Latza, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C F. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1098 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohaan, C F. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnis, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C F. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 500 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E E Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C F. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Logan's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Louth, C R, 561 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 69 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C F. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C F. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomeetz, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Exler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Mannell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C F. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 S Boyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 413 Washtenaw av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C F. Meet corner Sidney and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 296 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 226 Cleveland av; Joseph P Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton h, C R, 241 Webster av; Joe P Lusk, R S, 229 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C F. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 E Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 618 Larrabee st; J Kovanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 941 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 449 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 283 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 233 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Uhlel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Pariah School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Doquise, F S; John B Drouin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C F. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hoitzu, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Hierbech, F S; Chas Traucht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; B Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 3d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 445 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2616 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4731 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, F. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; R. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 275 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. F. O'Brien, Rec. Sec, 923 Thirty-fifth-st.; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 3035 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 261 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 269 S Halsted-st; F. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 472 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Lemont.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 446 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 422 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Doran, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 93 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Engeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 88 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 236 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2003 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Masner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Malcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3736 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Hensly; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3221 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 719 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 198 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 25—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John R. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 239 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 29—Pres., John McHerna, 3229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J F Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4426 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1098 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles F. Holbrook, 3529 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Deahiel sts.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1890.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2200 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 reeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Bir

GENERAL ADVERTISEMENTS

Michael McInerney

Democratic Candidate for Representative from the Second Legislative District of Illinois.

Michael McInerney was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1856, and came to America before he attained his majority. Even in his early boyhood, he was warmly attached to the cause of liberty in his native land. When he came to this city, he began his career as an employe of the Union Stock Yards. He always proved himself a hard worker—energetic and industrious, and won the favorable notice of his employers, although he frequently differed from them in politics. Mr. McInerney, in every political contest, proved himself the sturdy champion of the people of the Town of Lake. Previous to the coming upon the political stage of Mr. McInerney and his friends, the monopolistic element of Lake had everything their own way. McInerney's excellent method of doing battle for his constituents speedily brought them to their senses and gave better government to the municipality. In order to be untrammelled in his political action, Mr. McInerney resigned his position under the Union Stock Yards company, and went into business on his own account. In the great contest for the election of members of the Board of Education, Mr. McInerney, after a desperate contest, defeated Mr. Roswell Z. Herrick, an exceedingly strong man, who had at his back the most potent corporation influences. Most of the reforms effected in the Lake School Board were brought about by the exertions of Mr. McInerney, and his supporters in that body.

A few years ago, Mr. McInerney engaged in the brick business, in connection with Mr. M. J. Tearney, an extensive capitalist. The firm was incorporated under the title of the Union Brick Company, of which Mr. McInerney is now president. In addition to the brick business, Mr. McInerney has an undertaking establishment, under the firm name of McInerney Bros. This firm does about the largest undertaking business in the city of Chicago.

The assaults made upon Mr. McInerney since his nomination as State Representative, by an organ of his own party, are due, Mr. McInerney's friends claim, to personal enmity. His public record can stand any amount of investigation. As he is an indefatigable worker, and, in addition, has many friends even in the ranks of his political opponents, Mr. McInerney's election is a foregone conclusion. The attacks made upon him by the Democratic organ already alluded to have only enhanced his chances of success.

MR. LOUIS HUTT,

The popular German American candidate for the office of Treasurer of Cook County, was born in the city of Mulchen, Germany, about fifty years ago, and came to America in early boyhood. He was first employed on the New York Central Railroad in Buffalo, and afterward turned his face toward this city, where he obtained work in a machine shop, corner of Canal and Washington streets. Subsequently he went to Muskegon, and from thence to Manistee, Mich., where he engaged in the saw-mill business for some time. He next engaged in the lumber business, at which he was quite successful, and is now one of the solid financial men of the city. Mr. Hutt is, in person, a good type of the Teutonic race, and is immensely popular with his own element, and in fact, with the people of all races with whom he mingles. He ran for the office of County Treasurer against William C. Seipp eight years ago, and came very near being elected, which was a high compliment considering the great popularity of his competitor. The cry raised by his enemies during this campaign that Mr. Hutt is an enemy of the Jewish-American people is pronounced absurd by himself and his friends. Mr. Hutt is too broad minded and noble hearted a man to feel prejudice against any of his fellow citizens because of race or religion. His friends feel confident that he will be the next County Treasurer.

JOHN O. SCHUBERT,

Candidate for the Criminal Court clerkship, was born in Chicago in the year 1857, and was educated at St. Peter's parochial school, corner of Clark and Polk streets.

He is recognized as an honorable, honest, and conscientious gentleman, with broad and tolerent views, and ever ready to aid in any movement to assist the oppressed. At the close of his school days Mr. Schubert secured a position in a boot and shoe store, and in the course of time saved up sufficient money to establish himself in the fancy goods business which has proved eminently successful. Two years ago Mr. Schubert was nominated for County Commissioner and was elected by a handsome majority. The people recognizing in him great business qualifications as well as honesty and enterprise, again nominated him for County Commissioner, and the voters again elected him by a splendid majority. Mr. Schubert is now running for Clerk of the Criminal Court.

CARL HAERTING,

CANDIDATE FOR THE OFFICE OF COUNTY CLERK.

Mr. Haerting was born in Danzig, Germany, in 1852, and came to America in his 17th year. His brother, Hans Haerting, who died in 1881, was one of Chicago's most popular public men and journalists. Mr. Carl Haerting is a man of fine education, and will make, if elected, a first class official. He is a prominent member of the Turner societies of Chicago.

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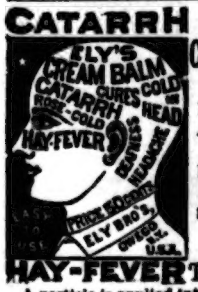

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JAMES O'CONNELL, Attorney-at-Law, Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block, 119 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 931.

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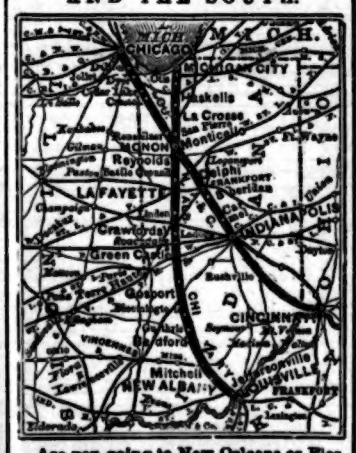

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